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WEEK ENDING OCT. 10 1925

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Beginning

A SOLDIER *of* FORTUNE'S STORY

As Told By

TRACY RICHARDSON
to MEIGS O. FROST

More Than Ever "The World's Greatest Buy"

Ten years devoted to the refinement of one type—the famous Super-Six—and the largest production of 6-cylinder cars in the world have resulted in constant leadership of Hudson quality, with unrivalled reductions in price.

The contrast of all motordom's new offerings and prices merely confirms Hudson as more than ever "the World's Greatest Buy".

Of course, the preference it enjoys everywhere rests upon this consistent supremacy of value—in first cost savings, in brilliant, smooth enduring performance, and finally in lifetime economy and highest resale value.

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Freight and Tax Extra

HUDSON COACH

NEW LOW PRICES

Hudson-Essex World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars

Hudson Brougham $1495—Hudson 7-Passenger Sedan, $1695

All Prices Freight and Tax Extra

"If I could just keep off my feet today"

How often women find it a real hardship to "keep going" in the usual routine of business, social life or household duties when they feel tired and "let down" physically. Then it is that they appreciate such comfort aids as Hickory Personal Necessities, which permit normal activity with perfect relaxation because all strain is relieved.

HICKORY *Sanitary Belts*

for comfort and security

Hickory Belts are "the belts that never bind." You feel the security of them but never any restriction. Elastic portions skillfully placed make them soft, easy and comforting. The safety pins are taped right on—always ready, and there are other little comfort details that you'll appreciate. No matter what type of girdle or brassiere combination you affect, you'll find a style in Hickory Belts exactly right to wear with it.

You'll like them so much better that it will pay you to ask for Hickory Belts in particular. Most good stores carry them, but if you do not find them, write, giving your dealer's name. Address Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1195 W. Congress Street, Chicago.

A. STEIN & COMPANY

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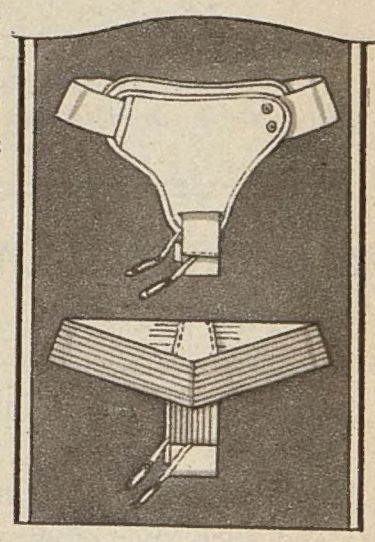
HICKORY

Personal Necessities

"The Belts that Never Bind"

Hickory Belt with Mesh Shield

Upper right—a well-fitting Hickory Belt with shield portions of soft, cool mesh. Elastic only at the sides. Front closing with good quality, firm, pearl buttons. Extra long pendants for wearing belt over or under corset, girdle or combination garment. Flesh or white; medium, large or extra large. As low as 50c.

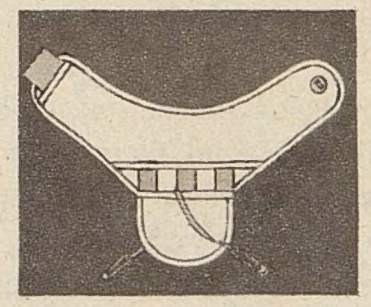


All-Elastic Belt

Lower right—the woman who is on her feet a lot appreciates this light belt of gentle, non-binding bandage elastic. Elastic pendants. Slip-on style—no fastening. In flesh, honeydew or white; medium, large or extra large sizes. As low as 25c, satin trimmed, 50c.

Hickory Belt with Sateen Shield

A soft fabric belt for general wear—a shaped belt, easy and comfortable. Elastic only at the side and on the tabs, to adjust their length. Bone button at side closing—an easy belt to put on and take off. In flesh or white; medium, large or extra large sizes. As low as 50c.

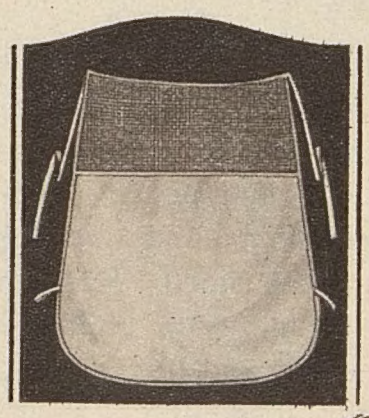


At Night

Hickory Belts may be worn with perfect ease and freedom at night. Smooth inside and carefully finished, they're as soft to the skin as a caress.

Hickory Apron

This is indispensable as a protector, but is also designed for wear under all frocks on all occasions—to keep the skirts fresh, smooth and unwrinkled. Students, office workers and others find the apron a great aid to keeping well groomed. Cut generously and shaped to fit, with deep, cool mesh top and lightweight rubber. Flesh, orchid, honeydew or white. As low as 50c.



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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

ROADS MEAN NATIONAL UNITY

Could the war of the States be fought now? Probably not. The communication between States is too good. In diversity of economic life the United States divided north and south of the Potomac in the days before 1860.

There were no roads north and south except the worst of mud roads and such river communications as there were.

Lack of communication produces alienism. Alienism produces wars and wars produce misery.

The automobile and the hard road have joined State to State in an intimate personal fashion. The North Carolina citizen is concerned because if he drives east he must encounter the backward roads of Virginia or the license regulations of Maryland, which do not give the traveler the freedom of the road on his own State license. The whole country is interested in the Dixie Highway south and the Lincoln Highway west. When a State defeats highway bonds as Kentucky did, the nation is concerned. When a slow-highway State, such as Georgia, goes to road building it is not a parochial matter but a national one.

The national interests are so profound that the arterial system of the nation ought not to be a matter of sectional jurisdiction. The nation itself ought to build its national roads. The disinclination of a State to issue bonds ought not to keep national roads in the rough or in the mud.

Roads are the arteries of the nation. They must be kept free and flowing. Then there can be no alienism, no conflicts of economic and sentimental interests, no patriotic clash of parishes. It will be all a great nation of people going anywhere they like within it.

Concrete in roads is the cement in a nation.

GIVE YOUR CHILD A PET

A pet will not only gratify one of your child's innate cravings. It will teach the boy or girl reality. It will make the child understand responsibility if given the pet and the care of it. He should have to feed it, see that it is comfortable, and, particularly if it is a dog, that it is disciplined. Discipline does not mean unkindness. Correct discipline is real kindness, and that is something the child has to learn.

People are disciplined to make them avoid things that are bad for them and to do things that are good for them. The boy or girl can see that a well-behaved dog keeps out of a great deal of trouble. A dog that will not obey frequently is in bad luck. It can easily be impressed on a child that the same scheme of life affects him and cannot be escaped. He is in a world of cause and effect. It is one of the things a child does not learn at once. Many adults never learn it and human waste is the consequence.

In the proper, kindly discipline of a pet the child can be given a good idea of the value of it to himself, either self-imposed or by persons in charge of his training. The acceptance of responsibility and of discipline makes character.

Another reality the child will learn will be a sad one, but it also is unescapable. The pet will die, and anyone who has had affections deeply engaged by an animal friend knows that touches a sensitive spot; but it is a part of life for which the individual has to be disciplined.

The advice to give your child a pet is better for the small town suburbs or country than it is for the city. The city is a poor place at least for dogs, the kind of a dog who would make the best companion and friend. If it is a poor place for a dog it is a poor place for a child. For many people that cannot be helped, but when it can be, good counsel would be: Give your child a pet in the place which is best for both.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A Young Man and a Fascinating Woman

W. B. MAXWELL

ELUSIVE, mystifying, altogether a person of strange enchantment is Fernande Faulkner, whom you will meet next week in the first installment of Liberty's new serial, *Young Mr. Bowen.* She casts a spell over the hero of the story, and she will cast a spell over you. Watch for this remarkable novel by *W. B. Maxwell,* one of the most important figures in current English fiction.

Walter Davenport writes in the coming issue of *Meeting the Blackmailer Halfway,* throwing new light on the ticklish business of outwitting this picturesque type of criminal.

Eleanor Early tells of the latest product of American education—the certified bride!—and how a New England *College Course Prepares Girls for Matrimony.*

Austin Parker contributes a lively tale of love and adventure called *The Violent Romance,* and there's a thrilling short story with an Oriental setting—*Under the Table,* by *Morgan Burke.*

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Four "Gentlemen Unafraid"—outstanding specimens of the American genus Homo called Soldiers of Fortune, and proud of it. Left to right, they are: Jack Carlisle, Tracy Richardson, B. Zimmerman, and Sam Dreben; and their life stories would tempt D'Artagnan to go out and get a reputation.

A Soldier *of* Fortune's Story

Adventures of the Greatest Adventurer of All the Yanks Who Have Written Fantastic History in Latin America

As Told by Tracy Richardson *to* Meigs O. Frost

THEY have died or turned to prosaic pursuits—those American soldiers of fortune who in Latin America have written with their weapons one of the fantastic chapters of history. For them "the good old days" are over. But the memory of their exploits is imprinted indelibly on the Latin American mind.

None has told his story, save as vivid, fragmentary anecdotes in camp and barracks and club; in sketchy newspaper interviews.

Tracy Richardson, greatest machine gunner of them all, now tells his tale for the first time.

Of him Richard Harding Davis told the transcriber of this story: "Tracy Richardson has lived and fought more soldier of fortune stories than I have ever written."

Richardson is only thirty-six years old. He was born in a sod house at Broken Bow, Nebraska, November 21, 1889. He grew to boyhood there and in the little town of Lamar, Missouri. Chance plunged him into the swirl of more spectacular fighting than falls to the lot of most professional soldiers on far frontiers. His body bears the scars of fourteen wounds by bullet, shell, bayonet, and machete, received in Latin America and France.

In 1910, in Nicaragua, he fought through the revolution that seated Estrada in Zelaya's palace. Single-handed, a boy of twenty-one, by cold American poker bluff, he captured Managua, the capital, twenty thousand in population, and garrisoned.

From 1911 to 1914 he fought up and down Mexico. Pancho Villa, hating and fearing him, posted a reward of ten thousand dollars gold for his head.

In 1914, with the Princess Pats, Canada's immortal regiment, Tracy went to France. Of one thousand one hundred who went into the hell of St. Elois and Ypres he was one of the two hundred and fifty who came out alive. He was recommended for the Victoria Cross, and honorably discharged, riddled with wounds. After recovery, he re-entered the Canadian service as a machine gun officer, then transferred to British aviation. After America entered the war he emerged a captain in American aviation.

As this tale sees print he is down in Chiapas, Mexico, exploring for American lumber interests.

But this time, before he barged off into the wilderness he loves, he left behind him the story of a first-class fighting man—a tale of adventure hardly paralleled even in fiction.

I WAS twenty-one and "nigger rich." I had just been paid off as commissary agent for an oil pipe line in Arkansas. Two thousand dollars! No bank account for me! I bought a money belt and made the bank give it to me in gold!

I went to Louis Grimer, who had been a labor agent on the same pipe line job. He had just cashed in, too. We had been pals all through the job. He was a 220-pound husky from St. Louis—a prince.

"Come on, Louis," I said. "Let's give South America the once over. We've both got the price and no responsibilities. Let's see what's over the hill."

"You're on," said Louis. "When's the first train to New Orleans?"

It left that night. We were on it.

We didn't know a thing about South America. When we reached New Orleans we found the first boat out was a little Norwegian fruit steamer for Bluefields, Nicaragua. That sounded fair enough to us. We sailed on the boat. We didn't have an idea in our heads

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except to see the country. It was a pleasant voyage, though quiet, but when the ship dropped anchor at Cape Gracias á Dios we learned that we had stuck our noses smack into a revolution. Three chaps on the boat confided that they were going to join it.

Jimmy Woods was one. He spoke Spanish, which he said he had learned while acting as military governor in Mindanao, Philippine Islands. Rube Elliott was an ex-railroad man who had gone broke and was out to recoup wherever he could find quick action.

The other man we knew only as Howard. He was an Englishman, who confided, when drunk, that he was heir to a British title. He had been cow-punching on a ranch in Texas, came to New Orleans with a cattle shipment, went on a big spree there, and admitted that he didn't remember just how he got aboard the ship for Nicaragua.

These three urged us to join them. We didn't know, at first. We hadn't started out to fight any war. We sort of wished we had taken another ship in New Orleans for a more peaceful country.

When we reached Bluefields, which was in rebel hands, we were landed in barges, which carried us to the custom house. There we had to leave our baggage to be inspected and delivered later.

Grimer and I hadn't finished washing up before we were notified to report to the American Consulate. We could have cheered; here was good old Uncle Sam looking out for his own. On the way to the consulate we met Woods, Elliott, and Howard, headed there, too. We walked into the consulate together.

A little withered man sat behind a big desk.

"See here, you!" he roared at us. "You're a fine lot of bums to come into this country to shoot up a bunch of peaceable people. You've got no interest here except to kill men for what few dollars you can get out of it. You're nothing better than a bunch of hired murderers. I forbid you paid assassins in the name of the United States Government from taking any part in this revolution."

WOODS, Elliott, and Howard just stood there and grinned. Louis Grimer and I got hot. Grimer was nearer the consul than I was. That two-hundred-and-twenty-pound husky reached over the desk, grabbed the consul by the collar, and hauled one hundred and twenty pounds of astonished consul clean across the desk. Louis shook the man like a rat.

"I don't let the President of the United States talk to me like that, let alone any shrimp of a banana consul," he said. "Richardson and I came here as peaceful tourists. If a guy like you climbs our frames on account of this measly government, I'm damned if we don't join the rebels and take a few of your friends apart to see what makes them tick."

The consul apologized. He explained that he was only doing his duty as he saw it, to try to keep Americans from joining a family fight of no interest to them, only making it harder for other Americans.

We left the consulate and went to the hotel, El Tropical, which was buzzing with war talk. It was enough to set a couple of youngsters crazy.

They told us about the wild Irishman everybody in Central America was to know as Casey the Gunner. He won the title just before we landed. He never got near a piece of artillery in his life until that battle. The rebels had a three-inch field gun. They were bombarding the house General Larra of the Federals was using as headquarters. Casey was watching them. They were missing by a mile.

"You're a fine lot of tramps," he told them. "Not an artilleryman in the lot."

"Could you hit it?" they asked him.

"Sure," boasted Casey. "I'm an expert gunner."

They called the wild Irishman's bluff. He squatted on the gunner's seat, ground away at the elevating and depressing and traversing wheels, and squinted down the bore of the gun until he could see the target through it. Then he stepped aside.

"Load her and fire her!" he told them.

That shot blew General Larra's headquarters into a pile of junk. Casey was the most surprised of the lot, he told me later. But he took his honors modestly as they cheered him. He was "Casey the Gunner" forever after.

© Scott Photo Co.

Sam Dreben, "the fighting Jew," going into action with a machine gun against the Federals at the battle of Villa Lopez during the Orozco revolution in Mexico in 1912.

They told us, too, how Gabe Conrad had been wounded, had gone to New Orleans for repairs, and had just returned a couple of ships ahead of us. We didn't realize then how well we were to know Gabe later.

All Saturday night and Sunday at El Tropical Grimer and I listened to these stories. Then on Monday morning we discovered that some burr-headed, chocolate-colored customs man had put our baggage on the outbound steamer instead of sending it to the hotel.

There we were, in the middle of a war, with just our money belt and the clothes we stood in. Not even a weapon. Our pistols were in our baggage. The only place we could get a boat for was back to New Orleans.

I looked at Louis. He looked at me.

"Well?" I said. "Will we?"

"Might as well," said Louis.

So we did. We went to General Juan Estrada, head of the revolution against President Zelaya, later president.

"I'm sending a column up to the fighting line in the interior tomorrow with supplies and ammunition," he said. "You can go with them."

Next day we were embarked aboard some barges and started up the Mico River toward Rama, where we transferred to canoes. It was a strange trip for boys fresh from the States. The canoes, called "pit-pans," were dugouts, cut out of single mahogany logs, fifty to sixty feet long, all one piece. Each was manned by eleven Mosquito Indians, and in addition to a heavy cargo of ammunition, carried seven or eight passengers perched precariously on top of the cargo.

I had been told about the rainy season back at Bluefields. I thought the talkers were lying. Now I knew they had underestimated it. We sat in the rain all day, ate in the rain, and slept in the rain all night.

AFTER nineteen days of travel we reported to General Mena, who was besieging a town garrisoned by Federals. He was an unusually large man for a native, husky, fine looking, and intelligent. He told us he would send us over to the American camp under General Gabe Conrad, on the other side of the lines around the town.

General Gabe Conrad was a fine, upstanding man. The friendship started that morning in the Nicaragua hills continues today. And the friendship with Sam Dreben, begun that same morning, lasted until his recent death in Los Angeles.

Sam Dreben—the fighting Jew. There was a character! All Latin America was ringing with stories of his wild doings, his soldierly qualities, his happy-go-lucky disposition. He didn't look the part at all. He was the last man you would pick out of a crowd to be a soldier. Short, heavy-set, with a huge comedy Jewish nose, with a stomach always straining at his belt, he was a walking vaudeville act. Always kidding, always cheerful, always carefree and happy, he could make a bunch of men laugh when they were ragged, starving, and facing violent death. I came to know the real Sam Dreben. Back of that vaudeville exterior was a cool, calculating brain, a courage that nothing daunted. He seemed to take thousands of wild chances with death and emerge by fool bull luck. But when you knew him, you learned how carefully he planned every detail and how little he left to chance.

Here I got my first machine gun training. It was a new game to all of us. Nobody knew much more than how to fire the gun, load belts, and make a few minor repairs. Big Charlie, a Swede, taught me. We had two Colts, seven millimeters. I stuck to them like a kid with an all-day sucker.

General Monchado, to whose command our outfit had been assigned, got a message by courier that machine guns were badly needed at La Libertad, where the Federals had appeared in force and were driving back the rebels. We made the trip in two days. The natives had said it would take three or four. We got there just in time.

The Federals finally were brought to bay in the hills. They turned and dug trenches. We needed rest so badly that we decided to sit down awhile before attacking. We raised

breastworks of rock piles, mounted the machine guns, and settled down to sniping. The Federals had stacks of ammunition and were prodigal with it. Shells and machine gun and rifle bullets sang over our heads like a swarm of bees. Now and then they got somebody.

I was stretched flat on the ground, looking through field glasses to spot a man I was trying to pick off with my machine gun, when I saw General Conrad standing in plain sight, watching the Federals through his glasses.

"Lie down!" I shouted to him. "Those babies will pick you off."

He never moved. I called to him again. He paid no attention. Then I saw there were several holes through his clothing and his hat. I saw another hole appear in his coat as I watched. I crawled over to him, grabbed his legs, and pulled him down.

HE turned toward me, both of us sprawled full length, and I saw there were tears in his eyes.

"Tracy," he said, "I was afraid to lie down. Every now and then I get scared, and I'm more afraid of being a coward than I am afraid of getting hit."

How is that, coming from one of the bravest men I ever saw under fire anywhere? It was a new one on me. And he didn't even have Sam Dreben's consolation that there wasn't a Jew cemetery in Nicaragua. There were plenty of Christian cemeteries, and the buzzards always.

That night the Federals made a sudden attack on our lines, but very few got to our lines. Those few were attended to by our native machete men. Then our crowd, seeing the enemy in retreat, surged forward and went after them with machetes.

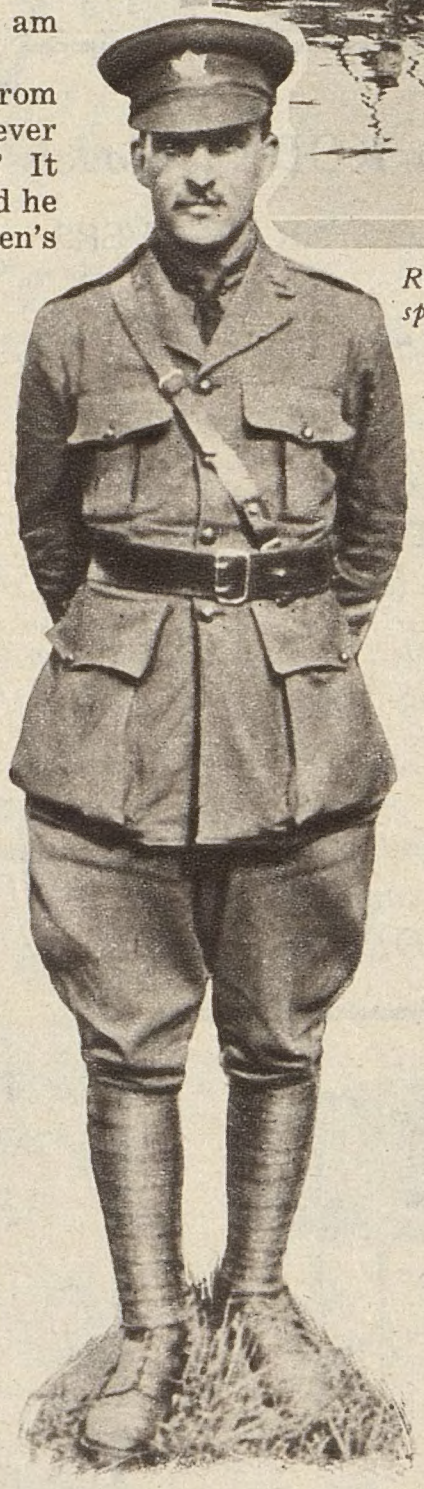
You've got to see a machete man in action to appreciate what those babies can do with that heavy cane knife!

Morning showed dead Federals everywhere. We had lost very few men. We moved forward into La Libertad and occupied the town. It began to look as though we were going to win that revolution. We were happy. We didn't know the hot work ahead of us.

When we moved on Managua, the capital, we were rested and well mounted. We rode along the ridge road to Managua, always near the railroad. The retreating Federals had torn up the rails. This road to Managua is one of the most beautiful I ever saw. Coffee plantations stretch on each side, the road being on the crest of the dividing ridge. Lake Managua stretches on one side, Lake Nicaragua on the other, the Pacific Ocean is in plain sight, and below us were hundreds of coffee-drying beds which look in the distance like small lakes.

Ten miles outside Managua we camped and waited for scouts to report how hard a fight we would have on our hands in taking the capital. Two days passed without accurate information. I got restless.

Richardson and a couple of his American cronies en route to their favorite outdoor sport—a revolution; this one being in Nicaragua. The canoes, called "pit-pans," are cut out of mahogany logs fifty to sixty feet long.



TRACY RICHARDSON, as a captain commanding a machine gun section in the Canadian Expeditionary Force during the World War.

Next morning I mounted to ride out and look over the country. I rode for about three hours and then decided to go back to camp.

I was cantering along a new road which I thought would take me there when, first thing I knew, there I was in the City of Managua. It was a strange sensation.

Crowds of people looked at me curiously. I *was* a strange figure, a lone, armed, ragged American riding through the street. I didn't want to stop my horse. I didn't want to wheel and ride back the way I came. So the only thing I could think to do was to ride straight ahead.

THEN I was hailed in English. The man who called to me was an American who had a place of business in the city.

"If you're one of Estrada's men," he said as he came up to me, "you'd better hole up in my house till all this excitement quiets down."

People were coming from all sides. I went with the American, but to his office instead of his house. I was a little bit puzzled just what to do. We had a drink and lit cigars. Then in through the door came a couple of Federal officers, a general and a colonel, in full uniform. They were armed.

Bluff was my only chance. I pulled my pistol and covered them.

"The best thing you can do to save this city from sack," I said, "is to surrender. General Mena and General Chamora are advancing with a heavy column. They sent me ahead. Take me to your commanding officer."

It was some bluff! But it took the pot, and the pot was the capital of Nicaragua.

"I'm the commanding officer," said the general. He surrendered the city to me.

My Spanish was pretty fair by that time, but I didn't want to take any chances. I took the American with me as interpreter.

With him and the two Federal officers we rode to the fort at the head of the main street. It commanded the presidential palace and most of the town.

There was nothing to do but play that bluff through to the limit.

Talking as hard-boiled as I could, I had the general bring in all his soldiers, stack their arms inside the fort, and designate a small force to serve as police in the town.

THEN I sent a messenger to General Machado, who was nearer the town than Mena or Chamora. I simply asked Machado to ride in at once and take possession, for the city was ours. And I did ask him to hurry.

That fort absolutely dominated the town. It was built on an extinct volcano, protected on three sides by a deep volcanic lake, and on the other by deep moats and barbed wire. Here I had all the arms placed under lock and key, and turned the Federal soldiers loose to go where they willed.

Later in the day the revolutionists' column rode into town and took possession without opposition. Maybe I wasn't glad to see them come!

You never know what may happen any minute in Latin America. I felt as though I was sitting over dynamite with lighted fuse until I saw our column ride up the street.

Nicaragua was ours. Now came the feast time for all of us. Juan Estrada was seated as Provisional President. General Luis Mena, our old commander, was Minister of War. All offices were filled by our friends. We were given orders on various stores and had a perfect riot of buying clothes and outfits. Then we gave the barbers and the bathtubs a run. We had all been in rags from months in the bush with never a chance to get new clothes. When we got bathed and dressed up, our hair cut, shaved, our boots polished, it was common to have our closest buddies pass us on the street without recognizing us. That was an entirely different looking outfit from the ragged soldiers of fortune who had ridden into Managua.

Different in appearance, but the same at heart. The habit of wartime loot was still with us.

Sam Dreben and I took a ride around town to see what we could see, after we got cleaned up.

The first thing we saw was a beautiful horse tied to a fence.

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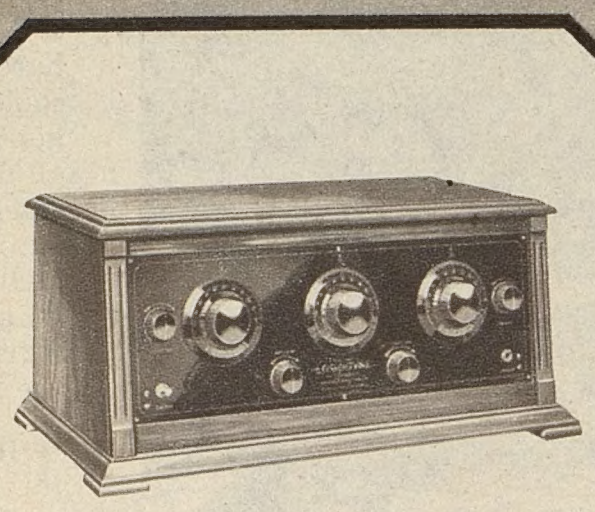
KODEL



LOGODYNE Big Five: 5 tubes tuned radio frequency; brown mahogany cabinet; gold engraved sloping panel, $90.

Other KODEL Models

GOLD STAR RECEIVERS

3-Tube	$30.00
2-Tube	20.00
1-Tube	12.00
Crystal	6.00

LOUD SPEAKERS

DeLuxe Amplifier	$25.00
Cabinet Amplifier	27.50

BATTERY CHARGERS

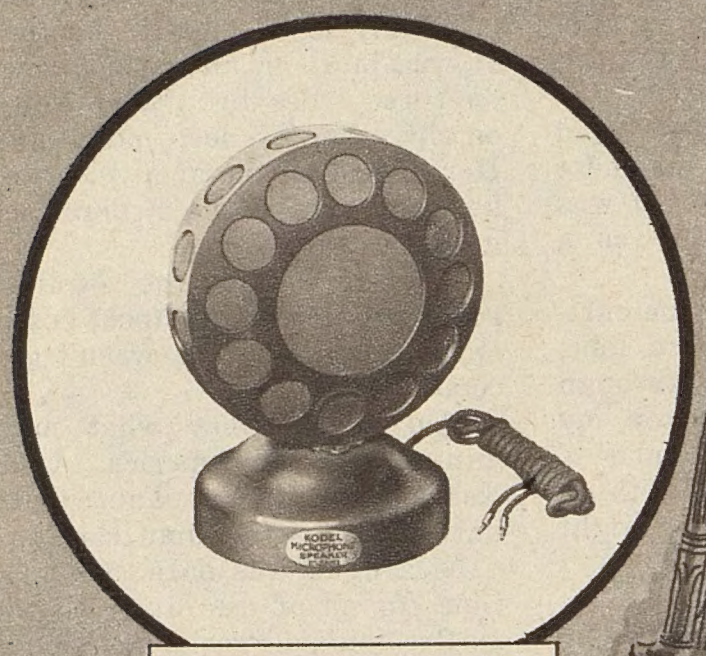
Eclipse (enclosed bulb type)

2-amp. size	$14.50
5-amp. size	20.00

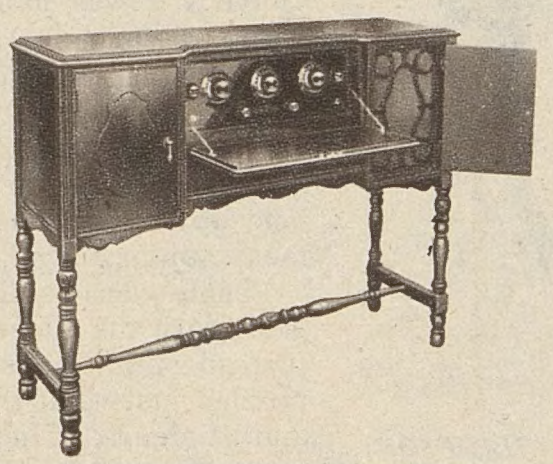
Crescent (bulb)

2-amp. size	$ 9.00
5-amp. size	12.00

Any Radio Dealer can demonstrate KODEL RADIO



KODEL MICROPHONE LOUD SPEAKER. . . . an exact replica of the broadcasting microphone. Two models, $15 and $20.



LOGODYNE BIG FIVE CONSOLE: 5 tubes; built-in speaker; battery and charger compartment, $275.

KRC

The Emblem of Worth in Radio

C.H. SCHATEN STUDIO

RADIO

Years Will Not Bring Better Radio Than This!

* * *

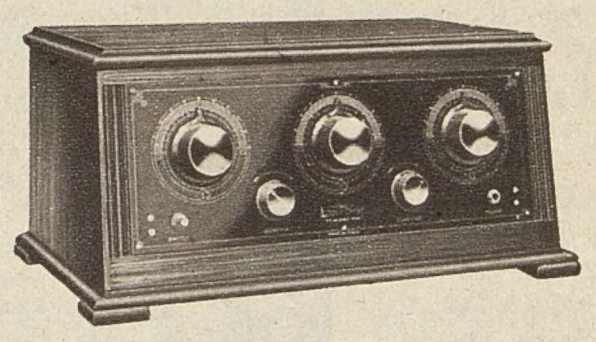
FROM a world-famed opera comes some treasured aria . . . then a lilting chorus from Broadway's latest musical attraction . . . a gem from an old music master's pen . . . perhaps a symphony . . . now the syncopated melody of a dance orchestra . . . KODEL RADIO brings you all of these . . . it brings you radio at its best.

Not so long ago buying radio equipment was accompanied by the harassing thought that tomorrow might bring something newer . . better. Today this is changed. KODEL RADIO represents radio at the height of its development . . radio stabilized . . . radio established.

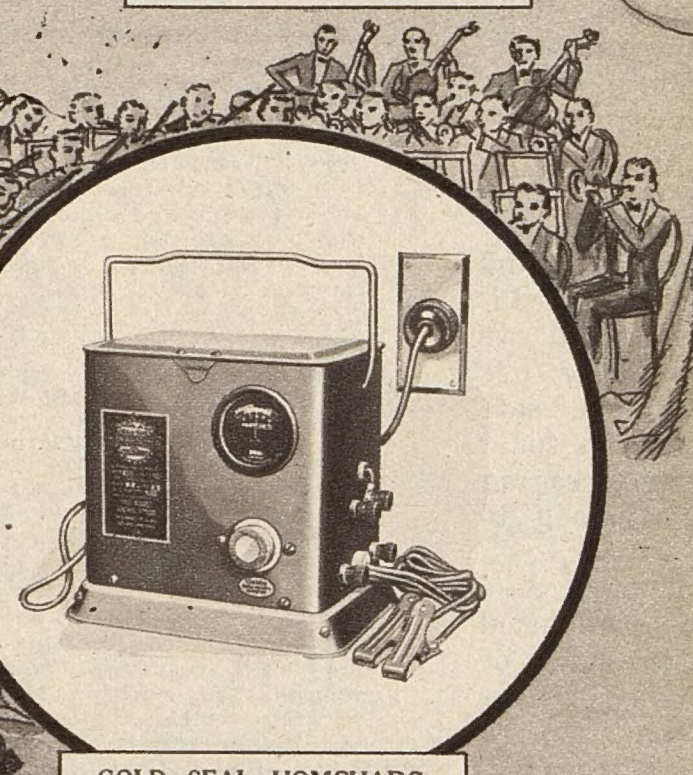
No matter the size of your purse there is a KODEL RADIO always within reach. And no matter what the instrument, so long as it bears the KODEL name, there is the assurance that it is the best that radio offers - or will offer for years to come.

THE KODEL RADIO CORPORATION
513 E. Pearl St., Cincinnati, Ohio

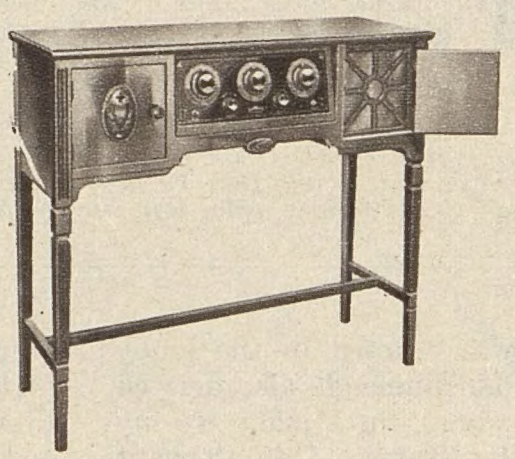
WKRC
Owners of Kodel Broadcasting Station WKRC. Send for program



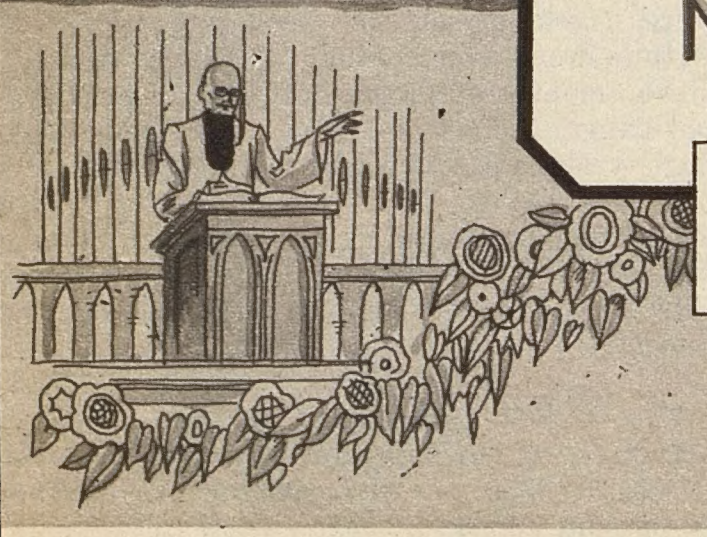
LOGODYNE Standard Five; tuned radio frequency; 5 tubes; beautiful cabinet; gold engraved panel, $70.



GOLD SEAL HOMCHARGER; improved model; fast 5 ampere charging rate; charges A and B batteries, $19.50.



LOGODYNE Standard Five Console; built-in speaker; battery and charger compartment, $165.



Free This interesting 16-page booklet contains valuable information for better operation of any set.

The KODEL RADIO CORPORATION
513 E. Pearl St., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me without charge or obligation, your 16-page booklet "The Secret of Distance and Volume in Radio."

Name .....

Address..... City.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

"This Jew has got him a new horse," chuckled Sam.

"Go ahead and take it," I encouraged him. "To the victors belong the spoils."

Without a word, Sam rode his nag up, tied it to a fence, and, mounting the other horse, rode him away. We went over to the Cuartel—the prison—where our machine gun crowd was quartered. Some of the bunch told Sam they had seen some high official riding that horse. So Sam and I got busy. The saddle was a fine new Rivas. We changed it to my white horse. Sam took my saddle. Then we took a sharp knife and cut off the long flowing tail and mane of Sam's new horse. It made quite a change in the animal's looks.

The next day Sam and I rode up to the Presidential Palace to draw some money on account. We tied our horses outside the gate. When we came out, with gold clinking in our pockets, there was a fat native standing by the entrance, tearing his hair and crying over Sam's new horse.

"Mother of God," he moaned. "Yesterday he was a beautiful horse. Long tail. Long mane. Fine new saddle. Now look at him!"

WE waited till he rushed into the palace, then mounted and rode away. We talked it over and decided we had better place our horses in some safe spot. Somebody would be coming along saying they didn't belong to us!

Next morning Sam and I were summoned into the presence of General Mena, Minister of War. He sat there looking at us sorrowfully for a few minutes without saying a word. Sam began to sweat. I was getting uneasy. Then General Mena shook his head and spoke to the world at large.

"It's no use," he mourned. "You can't cure 'em."

Then he read us a beautiful lecture.

"The war's over," he said. "We're victors. We should treat everyone with justice. It was all right, Tracy Richardson, when you stole the white horse of our confidential agent at Managua. It was all right when you stole the riding boots of Estrada's courier. We did not trust them any too much, anyway. We were at war then. But now we are at peace. Sam Dreben, if you want a horse, come to me and I'll give you the money to buy one. But now we're at peace, Sam Dreben, don't steal horses. *But*, if you've *got* to steal a horse, for God's sake, you ought to know better than to steal the pet horse of the president's brother, the way you did yesterday! Now, get out of here!"

We got out. We didn't even laugh till we got two blocks away from the palace. I stayed in Managua a month. The government paid me five thousand dollars gold for my services in the revolution. There was a fine brewery there. It was a lovely month. But by then most of the Swedes and Germans had dissipated their money away and were cadging on the rest of us. The flock of would-be generals who had "won the war" down in the lobby of Hotel El Tropical at Bluefields also drifted back and began to cadge. So I made up my mind to go back to the States. I didn't want any of the offered concessions or local privileges. I had decided definitely that tropical soldiering and tropical life were not for me. I had had a lot of fun and excitement, met a lot of fine men, and had had experiences enough to last a lifetime. I was through. Never again!

General Mena gave me passports and transportation. I left Granada on the lake steamer, which took me to the San Juan River, where we unloaded at the small town of San Carlos. Here we got word the river steamer was on a sand bar and would be up as soon as the river rose and she could be floated clear. Tropical travel has strange schedules. We sat down to wait. In a week the food gave out. There were two hundred and fifty of us waiting for the boat. Luckily I had brought along my rifle and there was plenty of ammunition. I hunted meat to feed that crowd. For days we lived on birds, alligators' tails—which they consider a luxury—and monkeys. Then the boat came.

Our next stop was at Castillo Viejo, a strong fortress commanding the rapids on the San Juan River. Here I found the graves of Cannon and Gross, American soldiers of fortune, executed early in the revolution. Their graves were on a high hill with a cow trail crossing them. Rube Elliott and I borrowed tools and erected a strong fence around the plot. The *commandante*, an old revolutionist, promised us that fence would be kept up.

WE stopped one night at Greytown, a few years earlier a booming place when they were working on the proposed Nicaraguan Canal. To this day you can see a row of dredges, monument to that great failure, standing there buried in silt which is ever washing down from the country above.

When we reached Bluefields there was a week to wait for the steamer. The Nicaraguan peso was quoted at thirty-nine to one. I took a flyer in them. They rose to eleven to one.

I climbed aboard the little Norwegian steamer bound for New Orleans with nineteen thousand dollars in gold in my luggage.

I stood on the deck, rich, I felt, with a complete new outfit, headed for home. As I saw the heights of The Bluff disappear in the distance, I told myself my days as a soldier of fortune were over. I had got away with it. Eleven months of the hardest kind of hardship and danger, constant exposure and poor food. That was the strongest memory just then.

No, if that was Romance, I had no desire for further acquaintanceship with her. I was through.

If only I could have seen a few months ahead!

The second installment of this thrilling narrative, in which the adventurous American relates his experiences in waging war in Honduras, will appear in next week's issue.

What Some of Richardson's Fighting Friends Think of Him as a Fighter

From COL. W. A. BURNSIDE, Formerly Military Attache, U. S. Embassy, Mexico City.

AS military attache in Mexico from 1911 to 1914 frequent reports came to my notice of the association of Tracy Richardson with various prominent revolutionary leaders. His name was always connected with the operation of machine guns. At this time these guns were difficult to operate. Tracy was generally recognized as the one specialist in Mexico in their use and was popular, as a hired man, with revolutionary leaders.

COL. W. A. BURNSIDE, U. S. A.

While here the World War came and Tracy immediately outlined to me his plans for getting into it quickly so as not to miss the excitement. From Canada he wrote me that his plan had worked and that he was in the machine gun section of the Princess Pat Regiment.

Wounded at Ypres, invalided home and recovering he next wrote me from Lamar, Missouri: "Impatient for more adventure. Aviation offers excitement, so why not fly?" He soon qualified as an aviator and from Europe again wrote me of his aviation experiences and promotion to major in the British Air Service.

* * *

From CAPT. B. S. HUTCHESON, V. C., M. C., C. E. F.; Medical Officer, 97th Battalion, C. E. F., and 75th Battalion, C. E. F.

I FIRST met Tracy in 1916 when he was an officer in the 97th Canadian Battalion, of which unit I was, at that time, medical officer. He had previously been discharged from the Canadian Army because of disability, resulting from wounds sustained while serving in the ranks of the Princess Pats, but in spite of the disability he again joined the army, receiving his commission as an officer.

CAPT. B. S. HUTCHESON, V. C.

Tracy was well liked by the officers, was popular with the men and was, or rather is, my very good friend. He is a resolute man who has had strange experiences in strange places, and I believe that an account of his adventures would make a very interesting and thrilling narrative.

* * *

From JACKSON CARLISLE.

DURING the time we were together at Chihuahua City and surrounding country we were in many tight places, and at all times I found him cool and collected when facing death, a diplomat in handling men, and one who would not betray one's trust.

* * *

From EDWARD S. ("TEX") O'REILLY.

WE who served with Tracy Richardson before the World War made him famous, knew him as a first-class fighting man. My first contact with him could hardly be expected to inspire friendship. Theoretically we were enemies, fighting with opposing armies in Mexico. He was an officer with the Orozco forces, while I was with Madero.

Apeda Photo

EDWARD S. ("TEX") O'REILLY

He was not the type of soldier of fortune pictured by the fiction writers. In appearance and manner he was quiet and unassuming. His reckless daring in action has been illustrated on a score of battlefields.

In war or peace he has ever proved a good soldier and loyal friend.

* * *

From DONALD GREGORY, Former Lieutenant 97th Battalion, C. E. F.

TRACY RICHARDSON and I have been comrades for a great many years and there is no better honest-to-God-he-soldier man than our friend Richardson. We were together in the tropics, on the border, and were brother officers in France. Tracy was with the original machine gun section of the Princess Pat Canadian Light Infantry and afterwards served with me in the 97th Canadian Battalion, known as the American Legion. I have always found him one of those dependable old-timers that I was very glad to have somewhere around when there was anything going on.

He is quiet and unassuming, one of those fellows that shoots first and tells you about it afterwards. I can vouch for one thing, surely, about Tracy, that he is the one man our old friend Pancho Villa left very much alone.

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

"All's well—

that ends well." True enough—but it's lots better if things are right from start to finish.

The success of a call is far easier to guarantee if you bring a box of Romance Selections.

No wonder Romance Chocolates make good *gift chocolates!* From the wide and careful choice of their ingredients to their rich, smooth chocolate coatings, this end is always kept in view.

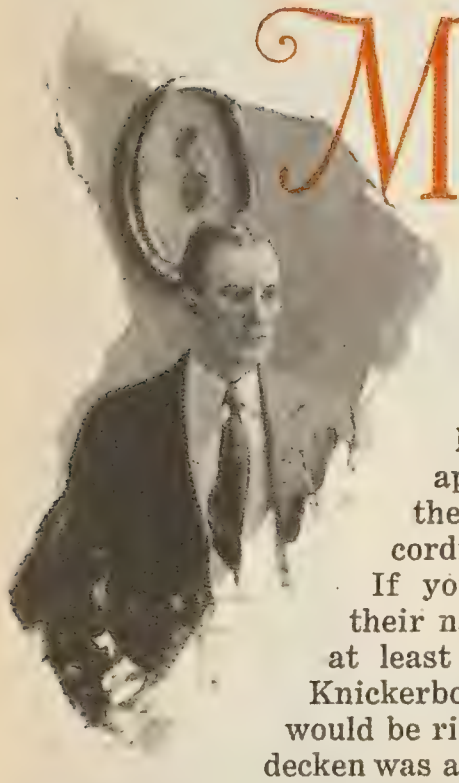
Romance Selections come in 1, 2 and 5 lb. packages.

COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

A Case of Scotch

The Story of a Young Man Who Found PROHIBITION Just About as Perplexing as LOVE

By Elmer Davis



MR. AND MRS. PETER MINUIT VANDERDECKEN were just back from their honeymoon, and accordingly in raptures; but they were also looking for an apartment within their means, and accordingly in despair. If you supposed from their name that they, or at least he, came of old Knickerbocker ancestry, you would be right. Mr. Vanderdecken was a lineal descendant of Peter Minuit, who bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for twenty-four dollars and resold it to homeseekers at a profit, thereby starting a habit. But if you went on to infer that of course the Peter Minuit Vanderdeckens had money, you would be very wrong.

The firm of accountants for which he worked paid him a hundred dollars a week. That is more than most residents of Manhattan get at the cashier's window, but not enough to enable a man to keep a big automobile—or a woman, unless he marries her.

Luckily, Mr. Vanderdecken had no such tastes. He took a taxi when he had to and the subway when he could; and as for women, they had interested him not at all till he met Margaret MacRoss. He told her so, when they had been acquainted about three days.

"I'm so glad, Peter," she whispered; and so they were married; and Peter wouldn't have traded places with any of his fifth cousins who lived on Park Avenue.

"Who'd want to live on Park Avenue?" he asked her, as they sailed to Bermuda.

"Who, indeed?" said Margaret, who had seen Park Avenue only when the Fifth Avenue busses had to make a detour.

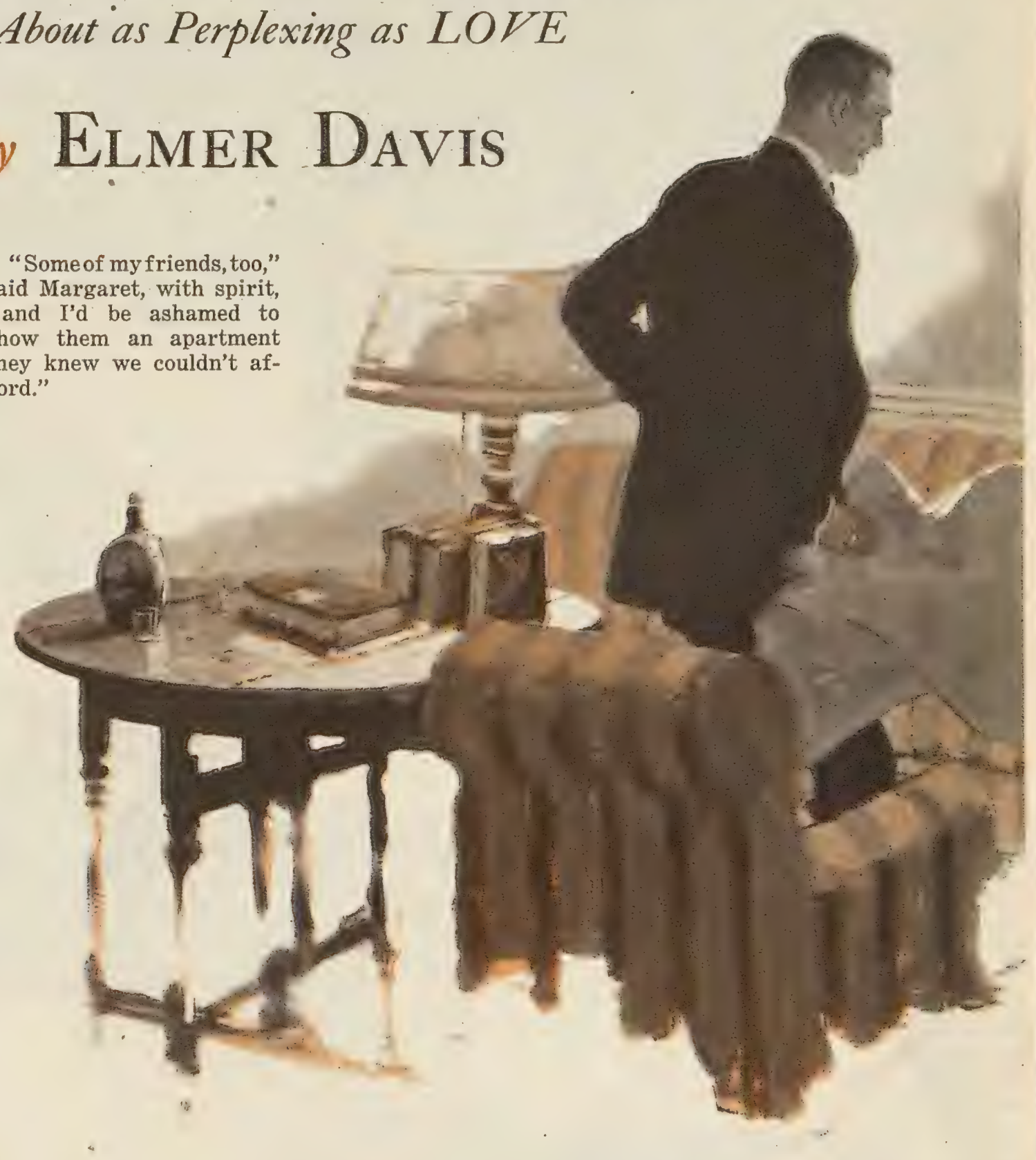
But even the Peter Minuit Vanderdeckens had to live somewhere, and they discovered in the second week of their honeymoon that they couldn't go on living in a Bermuda hotel. Mrs. Vanderdecken discovered it first; for, as might be guessed from her name, she was Scotch.

So they went home, to look for a suitable apartment within their means.

"We simply can't pay over a hundred and twenty-five," she insisted.

"But we can't live in a terrible hole," he countered, with something of the old Vanderdecken manner. "Remember—we'll have to invite some of my friends to dinner."

"Some of my friends, too," said Margaret, with spirit, "and I'd be ashamed to show them an apartment they knew we couldn't afford."



"I don't think any of your friends would be low enough to wonder if we could afford a good apartment," he said, with dignified effectiveness; and then spoiled it all by adding, "unless, perhaps, MacConnachie."

"You needn't go making nasty slams at Angus, just because I married you instead of him. He doesn't make it a point of pride to spend recklessly——"

"So I gathered," said Peter.

"Or to admire people who do. I'd be ashamed if Angus looked around our apartment and wondered how we could pay for it."

"YOU ought to be ashamed, if you thought of marrying a man who could display such low curiosity about the private life of an old sweetheart. Nobody would but a Scotchman."

"If you don't like the Scotch——" she flared; and because he had learned a little about women, also because he still loved her, though they were still hunting apartments, he became contrite.

"Sorry, Peggums. I love one of the Scotch, anyway. Now let's go look at that place in Seventy-second Street."

It was Peter who found their apartment—or rather found the house, and fell in love at first sight with the magnificence of the lobby. This was the entrance to the sort of building in which a Vanderdecken might be expected to live. It was tall and dim. A heavy bronze chandelier depended from the lofty ceiling; the white marble walls were diversified by tall mirrors and crimson tapestries.

"Oh, Peter! We can never afford this."

"Let's see," said Peter Minuit Vanderdecken as he strode nonchalantly up to the switchboard girl. "What's the price of that four-room apartment you advertise?"

"Hundred a month."

"It can't be so very good," Margaret murmured, "if they have to pay for this lobby out of the rents. Still, we might look at it."

It wasn't so very good. Evidently no other room was so spacious or luxurious as the lobby; nevertheless the price suited Margaret, and if the apartment didn't suit Peter, the lobby did.

"People who come to see us," he explained,

Pictures by
J. W. SCHLAIKJER

"LAST month we spent fifty dollars more than you made—just the price of that case of Scotch."

when they had signed the lease, "will be so impressed by the looks of that entrance that they won't pay any attention to our apartment. That may be all wrong, but it's the way things are in New York."

II.

THEIR first dinner, naturally, had to be given to the partners in the accounting firm of which Peter expected some day to be a partner.

"I hate to think of your cooking it and serving it yourself," he told her.

"Pooh! A dinner for six? What's that? Besides, dear, if we had a maid they'd think you were making enough money already. Many a wife has made her husband by looking poor at the right time."

"Maybe so," he conceded. "Certainly you'll give the Hungerfords and the Ingleburys a better dinner than any maid could ever make up. And I know where I can get some really good Scotch at fifty dollars a case——"

"Oh, Peetums! When the furniture cost so much more than we'd expected——"

"Why, Peggums——"

"Don't call me Peggums! And don't try to persuade me you want this whisky because your guests like it. You want it because you like it."

But the dinner to the members of the firm went off well, though whether the credit was due to Margaret's cooking or Peter's Scotch was a question which might have caused some debate; and, in fact, did. A week later they gave another dinner, for Peter's college roommate and his wife and Angus MacConnachie, whom Margaret would have married if she hadn't met Peter.

There were further dinners, and everybody continued to be happy till the month's bills came in, about the time Peter's friends and Margaret's had drunk up the case of Scotch.

"Peter, you're not going to buy any more whisky!"

"Well, people are going to keep on dropping in—the Loomises for bridge Thursday night; somebody will be sure to turn up Sunday; you've got to give them something to drink——"

"I don't see why."

"Well, because everybody does."

"My friends don't," said Margaret. "Do you think Angus sets a bottle of Scotch out on the table every time anybody drops in?"

"No; but I notice he soaked up six highballs the evening he played bridge here."

"So you keep records—certified public accountant! It's a wonder you don't see where the money goes, then. It goes for entertainment—for whisky for you and your friends. Last month we spent fifty dollars more than you made—just the price of that case of Scotch. I don't see why you had to have it."

"Neither do I," he admitted, bitterly. "I've got the damnedest case of Scotch in the house already that ever a man had on his hands."

Thereupon, after some further remarks, she rushed into the bedroom and locked the door. Peter spent the night on the living room couch and thought things were as bad as possible.

They patched it up; they patched up all their quarrels, but each time the patch was a little more visible. Otherwise they prospered. They knew more people now; they dined out a good deal, and had to keep having more people to dinner.

Now Peter Minuit Vanderdecken was not recklessly extravagant—he was merely a New Yorker, trained in the gospel of Manhattan—that when you have money you must spend it to make more money, that if it looks like a good house in the ground floor front it is a good house. Also, he was a certified public accountant. He made his living by telling other people that they were recklessly extravagant, and where; by pointing out to them that they must economize, and showing them how. Naturally, after doing that from nine to five, he didn't like to hear about economy when he came home, any more than a plumber would want to spend the evening fixing his faucets.

So, though Margaret was happy all day saving money and Peter was happy all day showing other people how to save money, they usually quarreled at dinner. After their dinner quarrel Peter usually turned for consolation to the case of Scotch stowed away under the laundry tub in the kitchen; and Margaret usually walked out and slammed the door. But eventually she always came back.

So things went on till the evening when she met Angus.

THAT evening Peter had come home with the news of a two-hundred-dollar bonus, and had proposed that they celebrate.

"Let's celebrate by putting it in the bank," said Margaret.

"Put some of it in the bank," he agreed. "But suppose we spend some of it on the heavyweight championship fight next week. It's pretty late to get good seats, but a sporting writer I know can buy me a couple close to the ringside——"

"How much?"

"Only fifty apiece."

"Peter! You'd pay a hundred dollars to see a couple of big brutes batter each other——"

"Why, look here, this is going to be a great fight. Everybody will be there, and we'll get a hundred dollars' worth of advertising out of being seen up in front——"

"I won't be seen there," said Margaret; and she walked out and slammed the door, and Peter settled down with his usual highball—the first of his usual highballs.

She walked down Riverside Drive, and, on a bench, smoking his pipe in the summer evening, she found Angus.

"Where's Peter?" She realized that this was the first time since her marriage that he had seen her without Peter. Well, the terrible truth must be hidden—from Angus above all.

"Peter had to work tonight," she said lightly. "How are you, old boy? Working hard? Getting rich?"

"Not getting rich, but making a little, and spending a little less."

"Wise old Angus!"

"Of course, I have nobody to spend it on," he reminded her.

"Don't brag. You'll be married before long."

Angus looked out over the gray Hudson, a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How is it in action?

IN *action*, that's when Williams Shaving Cream shows its stuff, that's when it earns a man's lasting friendship.

Just a small squeeze of rich, white Williams whips up instantly into dense, wet lather:

—lather that strips the water-resisting coat of oil from each hair so that water quickly penetrates and softens your beard;

—lather that welcomes the blade, turns each stroke into a gentle touch;

—lather that leaves your face feeling and looking fresh, rested, youthful.

Why not try this shaving cream, the master product of three generations of shaving specialists? A trial will soon convince you of the new comfort that Williams can bring. And a trial costs you nothing.

Send a postcard for a free trial tube (trial tube does not have Hinge-Cap). The regular large-size tube of Williams is 35c. The double-size tube, at 50c, contains twice as much cream and is the most economical tube you can buy.

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 1110-A, Glastonbury, Conn. If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Limited, St. Patrick Street, Montreal.

Williams
Shaving Cream

The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. Trial bottle free—Write Dept. 1110-A

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

model of the strong man containing his grief.

"Let's not talk about that," he said with dignity. "Look here—if you're free for the evening suppose we go somewhere. There's an open-air movie theater a block or so over. And you used to like pictures——"

"So I did," said Margaret, wistfully. It had been Angus' method of courtship—a trip to the movies every Thursday night, preceded by a modest but adequate dinner at the neighborhood rotisserie and followed by inexpensive but cooling refreshment at a soda fountain; the slow, safe approach of a cautious man who is saving up for the engagement ring and the seven-piece parlor suite. Some day, she knew, he would ask her to the theater, and ask her to marry him; but just about the time he got that far Peter had burst in.

"I HAVEN'T been to a movie since I was married," Margaret said, eagerly. "They bore Peter. But we'll have a good, old-fashioned evening—won't we, Angus?"

They did, at the movies and a soda fountain; after which his Scottish caution so far relaxed that he took her home in a taxi. On the way she told him how wonderful it had been to find their old friendship as warm as ever.

"I wish you meant that," he said, gloomily.

"Why, Angus! You know I like you——"

"And you know I love you."

"Oh, that's only imagination. Besides—I love Peter." Angus gathered from her tone that she was determined to love Peter as a Christian duty even if it took the last ounce of her strength; but when he tried to kiss her she thrust him sharply away.

"Now, Angus! If I'd dreamed you'd act like this——"

"I couldn't help it," he apologized. "I—I'll try to control myself."

He not only tried but succeeded, to Margaret's intense admiration.

"Poor Angus! You're awfully brave; and I'm sorry it hurts so. But you mustn't let it break you all up. I do like you better than anybody in the world—except Peter, of course—and I don't want to lose this friendship——"

"You won't," he promised. "And if you ever need help——"

"I don't," she insisted, stubbornly. Nobody could help her but Peter, who wouldn't.

"Well, if you ever do—— Oh, Margaret, I'd do anything in the world for you."

"I know it, poor boy," she assured him, as they got out in front of the apartment house. He paid the taxi driver, then told her goodby.

"Why, aren't you coming up to say hello to Peter?"

"I don't feel like saying hello to Peter."

"Then why didn't you keep the taxi?"

"Oh, a trolley's good enough for me."

Good old Angus, she mused as she went up in the elevator. She liked his homely virtues. He was all Scotch. While as for Peter——

Well, she perceived upon opening the door that if Peter was not all Scotch, at any rate he had a good deal of Scotch in him.

"Do you know you've been gone three hours?" he demanded, sulkily.

"Do I have to punch a time clock every time I go out and come in?"

He was too angry to tell her that for the last hour he had been seeing pictures of her mangled remains taken out from under a taxi.

"I'm tired of having you walk out every night just because you can't stand an evening with me."

"You don't seem to miss me. You never will, unless some day prohibition really prohibits. Peter, you're drunk."

"I'm not," he growled. (And he wasn't.)

"Just the same, you couldn't live without a case of Scotch in the house."

"There's one case of Scotch I could live without," with incautious flippancy.

"Oh, you could? Then do it!"

Once more the door slammed behind her; and this time she didn't come back.

III.

HE spent a sleepless night expecting her, and after breakfast he notified the police. They failed to become excited.

"We always wait twenty-four hours," a lieutenant told him, "before we send out an alarm for missing persons. They generally come back."

"She's always come back before," Peter admitted, "but the same evening. And in twenty-four hours anything might happen to her——"

"Say, listen. How long have you been married?"

"Eight months."

"I've been married twenty-seven years," said the lieutenant. "She'll come back."

But she didn't, so after twenty-four hours the police began to look for her, and within two hours they had found her, at the Y. W. C. A.

"Thank God," said Peter when a detective telephoned the good news.

"Wait till you see her," the detective advised.

If Peter personally had found her she would probably have fallen into his arms. She had spent a restless day and two sleepless nights waiting for him to find her, and picturing her tumble into his arms, and his complete reformation that would follow.

How Peter could find her, un-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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WORLD'S GREATEST SPEAKER VALUES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

aided, she hadn't stopped to wonder; and when she was found, not by Peter but by the police, to the considerable scandal of the Y. W. C. A., she felt like a naughty child brought back to school by the truant officer. Something of her resentment she had expressed to the detective, but there was plenty left for Peter when he arrived, as soon as a taxi could get him there.

"But do you mean to say that you aren't coming back at all?" he demanded when she paused for breath.

"That's exactly what I mean."

"But I love you! And you love me."

"Yes," she admitted more calmly, "I love you so much that it makes me sick to hate you; maybe we wouldn't hate each other if we never saw each other. It's just no use, Peter; you like to spend and I like to save. You might run a love affair that way, but not a marriage."

"But what do you think you're going to do?"

"Go to work. I made my living before; I can do it again."

"But that's all wrong. I'll give you half my salary——"

"You'll give me nothing," she raged. "I wouldn't touch your money. You need it yourself—for whisky."

"AT any rate, we'll divide what's on hand," he told her firmly. "You take half the bank account——"

"I didn't know there was enough of a bank account to divide."

He looked in his checkbook, and flushed slowly.

"Only $15.62," he admitted. "But that bonus check ought to come tomorrow——"

"Then it's all yours; this ends today. . . . Half of $15.62 is $7.81; you can give me a check for that, if you like." She opened her handbag. "And here's thirty dollars—half of what I've saved from my housekeeping allowance. . . . Now, you said we'd divide what's on hand——"

He threw it at her feet, and stalked out in silent fury.

Things like this didn't happen, Peter mused as he returned to his desk; at least they didn't happen to people one knew. He kept thinking all afternoon that it couldn't be true, and because he kept thinking that, instead of thinking about his work, he made a rather serious mistake in calculation which upset the afternoon for half the office.

"You're overworking," said Mr. Hungerford, the senior partner. "Get out and relax yourself. Go to that fight tomorrow night, if you can get good seats. I couldn't."

"I believe I will," said Peter. "I have a connection that will get me good seats even as late as this."

Mr. Hungerford's admiration for a man who could get seats at the ringside the day before the fight was gratifying; so Peter went forth and called up the newspaper man who had promised to buy the seats for him.

"Say, Pete, I couldn't do it. Had to go down to the champion's training camp for a special story, and when I got back it was too late. You can still get eleven-dollar seats in the upper stand——"

"Ringside or nothing," said Peter, haughtily, and went back to an apartment which, despite his desperate hopes, was empty.

Thoughtfully Peter walked into the kitchen and picked up a bottle of Scotch. Then he paused. What was the idea? There wasn't enough Scotch in the world—even in a prohibition world where genuine Scotch whisky is distilled all over Jersey City and the Bronx—to enable him to forget her. And if it wouldn't enable him to forget her—— Maybe he was drinking too much. Maybe Peggums had been right about that. Maybe——

He set the bottle back, untouched, and by morning had come to the conclusion that she had been right about a good many things; also that Peter Minuit Vanderdecken was the lowest of God's creatures. He called up the Y. W. C. A. to tell her so, and was informed that Miss MacRoss had gone to work. Miss MacRoss! At that point Peter touched bottom.

Now, there is one good thing about touching bottom: thereafter there is only one direction in which you can go. Peter squared his shoulders, flirted his stick, and set off to the box office where the fight tickets were sold.

"Nothing but eleven-dollar seats left," he was informed.

"Look here. I'm Peter Minuit Vanderdecken. Bill Corliss of the *Record* said you'd fix me up—I want to buy them, understand. But I certainly don't propose to sit in the upper stand, half a mile from the ring."

"Well, Mr Vanderdecken, now let's see——"

He felt better when he walked out with two ringside seats in his pocket. He walked into the office and addressed the senior partner.

"Mr. Hungerford, you said you hadn't been able to get seats for the fight. It happens that Mrs. Vanderdecken has been called to the bedside of her sick aunt in Seattle, so if you care to go with me—fifth row ringside——"

"Lucky boy," sighed Mr. Hungerford. "If they give you seats in the fifth row——"

"Oh, I paid for them," said Peter. Mr. Hungerford looked at him narrowly, and it occurred to Peter that he must be wondering how an employee whose salary he knew could spend a hundred dollars on a fight.

"Perhaps you think I'm extravagant," said Peter, uneasily.

"Not a bit, my boy. It might be extravagant for anybody else, but I know how you do it, because I've met Mrs. Vanderdecken. With a wonderful little manager like her, no wonder you can spare money for luxuries. I hope you realize how lucky you are. They're a great race, the Scotch."

"Yes," Peter admitted, dolefully, "they have their points."

IV.

SO they have. A month after she had left her husband Margaret was surprised at the amount of money she was making.

It was a business she had had in the back of her mind ever since their own long heartbreaking search for a suitable apartment. Somewhere in a city as big as New York there must be the suitable apartment for everybody, or at any rate the least unsuitable apartment; and there would be money in finding it for the astute person who brought the right apartment and the right tenant together.

There was. She knew the town pretty well; she had an extensive acquaintance and a cajoling manner, and she was lucky enough to close several leases in the first week, from which she got sufficient money to establish herself. Within a month there was a little office on upper Broadway, with a neat gilt-lettered window: "Margaret MacRoss, Home Hunter." Within two months she was able to advertise discreetly but effectively and to afford to live in a good hotel. And if she came back to her hotel only to sleep, if she spent most of her evenings, as she spent all of her days, finding the right apartment for the right tenant, why, what else could she do with her evenings now?

Occasionally, of course, she spent an evening with Angus; she could have spent all of them with him, for he had supposed that, of course, she would get a divorce, and had renewed his invitation to her to become Mrs. MacConnachie. But Margaret told him firmly that she had no interest in men except as friends and clients.

There was interest enough in her work—a constant excitement that caught her up and swept her on. She found in it a keen, satisfying interest until she woke up to the discovery that while she was making money she wasn't saving money. It was going for living expenses at the good hotel, or going back into the business.

"Oh, well," she reflected, "the only thing to do with money is to spend it to make more money——"

She paused. That excellent business axiom sounded like a quotation. It was—from Peter.

"Good heavens!" she groaned. "I wonder if he was right, after all."

Well, if he had been right, it was too late to worry about it now. He must know where she was and what she was doing—all their old friends knew it; but he had made no effort to see her since they had parted at the Y. W. C. A.

FIRMLY Margaret put Peter out of her mind; if he had determined to go to the devil there was nothing she could do about it. She had tried to stop him, and had failed. She could do nothing now but go on making money; and she did, and putting it back into the purchase of leases, and the furnishing of apartments which she rented, without asking too many questions, at a perfectly outrageous profit.

She kept on doing that till the fatal day when a client who was going to take one of her Madison Avenue apartments went to Europe instead, and a client who was going to move into one of her Riverside Drive apartments had to move into jail instead. The rent on both was due day after tomorrow—twelve hundred dollars; she had only four hundred in the bank.

Of course, she might be lucky enough to rent them in the interval, but she couldn't count on that. There was nothing to do but raise a loan. An alert young woman with a prosperous business could easily raise a loan; she was sure of that till she tried her branch banker and discovered that leases were not good collateral, in his eyes. The central office might overrule him, he admitted; he'd call them up and let her know; but there wasn't much hope.

Margaret came out into the autumn sunshine, trying to realize that the towering unstable fabric of her business was within forty-eight hours of ruin. She simply had to get money——. Angus! He had said he would do anything. She wouldn't have asked him, of course, to risk his money; but she could certainly rent those apartments in a week or so. Angus would get six per cent on his money, and she could even give him a bonus. That would appeal to his canny soul.

He rose with pleasing alacrity as she walked into his office, and clasped her hand with agreeable fervor.

"At last!" he said. "I've been wanting to call you up, but I was afraid you'd be too busy to see me."

"I am busy, Angus—busy making money. But you have to spend money to make money, and just now I need a loan. If you want your surplus savings to bring in a nice profit——"

She explained the golden opportunity with enthusiasm; he listened with polite regret.

"Margaret, I only wish I could do something for you——"

"Do something for me? Why, it isn't three months since you said you'd do anything for me!"

"Well, of course, when I said anything——"

"You meant anything except money. . . . I see."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

"I meant anything that I could do with propriety," he corrected her.

"Oh, piffle! I'm not asking you to pay my hotel bill. You're a business man and I'm a business woman. You'll get six per cent interest and a bonus, and your money's safe. I can rent those apartments within a week, and if I die before then you're covered by my insurance. You ought to know a good investment when you see one, even if you don't love me any more."

"I do love you!" he exploded. "I—you've made me simply overflow with tenderness. You're so fine and wonderful that I see the fineness of other people that I was blind to before. I love you so much I simply couldn't confine my affection to you. In short, I am engaged."

"Oh!" said Margaret. "Well, that settles it, doesn't it? Your fiancee would hardly want you to invest money in me."

"Don't think it's that!" he expostulated. "My—er—my wife will have nothing to say about the investment of my money. But our relationship has been so fine that I shouldn't want it to be sullied——"

"It won't be," said Margaret, rising. "No danger that anything will ever be sullied by your money. Scotchman!"

It was, at the moment, the most abusive epithet she could think of.

BACK in her little office a client was waiting—that is, she thought it was a client till he turned and she saw his face.

"Peter!"

"Don't worry," he told her calmly. "I've only come to ask you to find me an apartment."

This was the only news that could have worried her.

"What's the matter with the one we—you have?" she gasped.

"It's bigger than a single man needs. And I hate to pay rent that goes to the upkeep of that lobby."

"Oh, Peter! Are you—are you hard up?"

"I am not at all hard up. In fact, I have more money than I ever had in my life. But I don't see any sense in paying for something you don't need."

"You?" she gasped. "You? . . . Why, you sound Scotch."

"There's a lot to be said for the Scotch."

"How do you happen to have all this money? Did somebody leave you some?"

"Not at all. I've merely been working more and spending less."

"Then why do you want me to get you another apartment?"

"Because I heard you were a wiz at finding good ones."

"I wasn't when we hunted them together."

"Well, I guess we've both learned a good deal since then. You've got quite a reputation, Margaret; and since I didn't have time to hunt an apartment myself I knew I could trust you to find a good one at a fair price."

"You knew you could trust me? But, Peter, that wasn't what I meant. What's the matter with the apartment you have now?"

His eyes held hers.

"Oh, damn it, Peggums, you know what's the matter with it."

"Well," she said, trying in vain to say it lightly, "I wouldn't be a very good Home Hunter if I couldn't——"

But just as he started toward her the telephone jangled, and Miss MacRoss, the business woman, answered it, recognized her banker's voice, and was promptly recalled to business.

"Do you know you've been gone three hours?" he demanded. "Do I have to punch a time clock every time I go out and come in?"

"Yes? . . . Oh, you've heard from the central office? . . . Oh, they do? . . . Yes, I supposed they'd take your view of it, but I did think my account justified a line of credit. . . . What's that? . . . Oh, yes, I know this is an uncertain business. But it's people like you that make it uncertain."

She slammed the receiver back on the hook and turned to Peter.

"Damn bankers, anyway."

"Peggums! Do you need money?"

"Not the way you mean. Just a little for the business—nothing for you to bother about."

"I will bother about it," said Peter. "How much do you need?"

"Not a nickel, from you. Do you think I'd take your money after running out on you?"

"Now don't be a damn fool."

"Oh, run along, before we start hating each other again!"

"Well," he flung at her, "I thought I'd learn about women from you, but all I seem to be learning about is the Scotch."

This time Peter did the door slamming. Margaret jumped up. She couldn't let him go; if he went now he'd start drinking——

But just then the telephone bell jangled again, and she turned to answer it.

"Yes? . . . Oh, yes, Mrs. Eichelberg. . . . Yes, indeed, I know a furnished apartment on Riverside Drive that would just suit you——"

IT was sheer luck that she rented that one, but sheer superhuman energy that enabled her to do the rest. And superhuman energy had behind it, as usual, a driving emotion. She couldn't stand the picture of Peter back in his lonely apartment trying to comfort himself with highballs.

If Margaret had earned something, so had he; but what she wanted to give him was what he hadn't earned, something she would give him only because he needed her and she needed him. Because she was Scotch she had to know that she could meet her bills before she went back to him; but because she was in love she worked feverishly, raking over her whole list of clients, and by dinner time she had rented the other apartment and could go back to Peter with a clean conscience—if he wanted her.

She wasn't at all sure he wanted her; and two weeks ago she wouldn't have risked a rebuff. But anything was worth risking now—or so she thought till she walked into the old familiar lobby, and faced a new switchboard girl who had never heard of a Mrs. Vanderdecken, and was visibly suspicious of a woman who wanted to see Mr. Vanderdecken.

"Who sh'll I say is calling?" Margaret decided that she could stand a rebuff at the door, but not through the switchboard girl.

"Tell him a case of Scotch is coming up."

Peter was just sitting down at a dinner table set for one when his Japanese boy brought him the message.

"Won't that crazy bootlegger ever learn that I mean what I say?" he growled. Then, as the doorbell buzzed, "Never mind, Kato, I'll tell him myself."

He strode to the door and flung it open.

"Say, you, I haven't had a drink in three months——"

He stopped, staring, as Margaret smiled.

"Oh, Peter, I'm so glad. But don't you think it always pays to have a little Scotch around the house?"

Once again the door slammed, but this time only to cut off Kato's intruding gaze. And Kato, with a sigh of disappointment—for what he had seen before the door slammed surpassed the closest close-ups of the movies—began to set the table for two.

THE END

The Fable of the Brotherly Confab

Our whole Literature is damp with Drinking Songs. We have hung Garlands of Sentiment on what we now discover to be a Felony.

Being an Account of Certain Momentous Results of Mentioning a Cold Bottle of Beer

By

GEORGE ADE

Pictures by RAY ROHN

IT APPEARS that once there was an issue which was settled time and time again, but as soon as it had been finally voted upon it would rare up on the Hind Legs and begin to make Trouble all over again. It had more Lives than a Cat and made twice as much Noise. Referring, of course, to that Household Topic and everlasting Bone of Contention known as Prohibition.

Even after the Constitutional Amendment was old enough to be respected on account of its Age, if for no other Reason, the Good People along the R. F. D. Routes were denouncing Liquid Joys which they never had sampled, and a good many Advocates of Light Wine and Beer were hoping that they would never have to depend upon anything so feeble and kickless and lacking in Authority.

To illustrate the extreme Divergence of Opinion, it may be related that two Brothers grew up in a sequestered Village. One of them went up to the City and became a rollicking Blade, while the other stuck to the quiet Birthplace and appointed himself Commander-in-Chief of the Anti-Rum Crusaders.

One of them found his Enjoyment in going out to the Country Club and rolling the Bones in the Locker Room, while the other derived a pleasurable Satisfaction from going to a Prayer Meeting and meditating on Death. One was known as Harve and the other signed himself Elisha, so that the Names themselves come very near telling the whole Story.

It happened that the Rickabys had a Reunion this year and a great many Members of the Tribe who had supposedly been in the Graveyard for Years showed up in their Sunday Suits.

The Meeting between Harve and Elisha, after a lapse of Years, was not attended by any fervent Hand-Clasping or shedding of real Tears. Elisha privately suspected that his nearest Relative was a Son of Belial and Citified, and Harve felt almost sure that his Kinsman was a Boob and Petrified.

As they were seated side by side on a Rustic Bench at the Picnic Grounds, sizing up about five acres of restless Rickabys, it was evident that the Brothers were not Two of a Kind. Harve had on a Varsity Suit. The Belt he wore was a Niff. His Hat-Band could be heard above the Band Music. Elisha wore his Dark Wool and was sweating freely.

After they had disagreed as to the weather, Harve brought on the Fratricidal Fracas by remarking that he would give his Right Eye for a cold Bottle of Beer. Elisha asked him if he wanted to go to Jail, and he said No that he just wanted a Drink.

From that time on they didn't jibe on Anything. Harve seemed to believe that anyone who stood out against what he called "Tyrannical Legislation" and continued to hoist the Oil of Joy when he could find some that had been analyzed, was a sturdy Patriot whose Motives compared favorably with those which prompted the Boston Tea Party. Elisha was sure that anyone who dallied with an Alcoholic Content should be chained in a Dungeon and have a lot of Rats sicked onto him.

Harve said that every man's House was his Castle and it was Nobody's Business what he did on his own Premises, and Elisha came back by allowing that Castle had become just another Name for Distillery.

The Conversation proved what has come to be a recognized Fact—that no one can make the most offhand mention of Hooch, Home Brew, or that deadly Compound known as Dandelion Wine without at once committing himself either as a rum-benumbed Wet or a pop-eyed Dry.

It is the Purpose of the present Narrative to report, without Prejudice, the Conversation between Harve and Elisha. Both had strong Convictions. One had an Aversion and the other had a Thirst.

One regarded Drink as a smiling Goddess

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

Radio, too, is No Longer an Experiment

DO YOU remember how pioneer owners of automobiles had to buy larger magnetos, different carburetors, more accurate timers and what not else, to get some degree of motoring satisfaction? Today—how smoothly motor cars purr their way over the roads! Pioneer owners of radio receiving sets experimented with different tubes, more powerful batteries, condensers and all sorts of "loud speakers" trying to balance the power of the set with the quality of the amplifier.

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RADIO PRODUCTS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

carrying a Bunch of Grapes, and the other thought of It as a Him in Red Underwear leading a Snake by a String.

The Dialogue between the Kinsmen is supposed to be Fifty-Fifty, but probably it will seem to be Ninety-Ten, depending upon the Point of View.

Elisha wanted to know if a certain disreputable Element up in the City was still defying the Law, and Harve replied as follows:

"Only when Opportunity offers. I must confess that putting the Foot on the Rail has become a Lost Art and the Facilities for crooking the Elbow have been abridged, but it is surprising how often One has a Chance to partake of That which, theoretically, has ceased to be."

Elisha—It's nothing to joke about. You're setting a terrible Example for the Young.

Harve—The Young are setting the Example and the Grownups are about a Block behind, trying to catch up.

Elisha—I don't see how anyone who calls himself a Good Citizen can try to overthrow the Constitution.

HARVE—I will admit that the Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Eighteenth Amendments have been badly shot, and, what's more, the Folks who ignore them are absolutely brazen. They don't want to be arrested, but they are not ashamed. They are told every Day that they are Criminals, but they refuse to believe it.

Elisha—They are a dangerous class—no better than Anarchists. Because they have Money and put on Style in Fine Houses they take it for granted that the Laws which are rubbed in on the Poor and Humble don't apply to them at all.

Harve—I doubt if Thirst is in any way regulated by Wealth or Social Station. If you are going to say that I shall not have a Cellar because my Neighbor cannot afford one, why not stop him from wearing Chin Whiskers, which I regard as an Affront to Civilization?

Elisha—You're gettin' away from the Subject, as usual. Alcohol is a four-ply Curse and the American People have decided it will have to go. I'm telling you that those who violate the Law are no better than Bootleggers and Rum-Runners.

Harve—The Trouble is, Lishe, that you and the countless Millions who regard with Horror these depraved Scofflaws have never met them, socially. They are not as bad as they are painted, and besides the Women Folks are the only ones painted. I can understand why you want to have them tarred and feathered. You proceed upon the Theory that the Majority is always right. If such is the Case, then Harold Bell Wright is a greater Author than Booth Tarkington, and sleeping in the Underwear is more hygienic than Pajamas.

Elisha—I suppose you want us to go back to Booze so that a few night-blooming Sports in the Cities can shake up their Cocktails.

Harve—It would take a good Lawyer to defend Booze on all of the Counts. The Saloon was a Nuisance, and in the Small Town it was a Sink-Hole. The only Consumer you remember was known as the Village Soak. But in some Sections there are Thousands of otherwise Nice People who have regarded the Dutch Lunch and the Orange Blossom before Dinner as amiable Social Customs, relatively harmless and quite useful in promoting Conversation. Most of the Time they are tame and courteous and considerate and ninety-eight per cent Patriotic. The other two per cent is Outlaw because they refuse to Teetotal, no matter what Congress says. They suspect that Congress is not Teetotaling enough to hurt. It is a new kind of a Situation and it must be deplorable, because so many Candidates for Office say it is. Why not relieve the Situation by amending a Law which, apparently, cannot be enforced?

HARVE brought on the Fratricidal Fracas by remarking that he would give his Right Eye for a cold Bottle of Beer.

Elisha—I knew you'd get around it. You want us to repeal a Good Law just because it's violated. On the same Theory you'd repeal all the Laws against Murder and Burglary and Arson. Let the Rum-Hounds have their Liquor because it has a Soothing Effect on them! Why not give all the Drug Addicts their Morphine, Cocaine, and Heroin? They get a lot of Enjoyment out of their little white Powders.

Harve—I will admit that Red Wine is just as illegal as Murder, but you should remember that Murder has not been a pleasant Household Practice among the Caucasians for many Centuries. You can understand why Beer is more popular than Burglary, even if both are Criminal. Our whole Literature is damp with Drinking Songs. We have been brought up wrong. We have hung Garlands of Sentiment on what we now discover to be a Felony. Can you imagine anyone singing about the Cocaine on the Table and a Good Song ringing clear? I suppose all of us who read were brought up on Dickens. Does he ever tell about a Cheerful Group in front of the Fire and the Hypodermic Needle being passed around? Dope never saved a Wedding from being a Fizzle. I freely admit that a large Majority of the Neighbors regard the Drink Habit as an unmitigated Evil. It has been condemned to Death. No longer will I develop a Rugged Character by practicing Temperance and Choosing the Good in preference to the Evil. I won't have any Chance to hook up with the Evil. We are going to be standardized, the same as Ford Cars. But I'm telling you, Brother, that the No-Good will continue to be a No-Good, whether he gets his daily Dram or not.

ELISHA—You talk about high and mighty Principles, but all the time what you have in the Back of your Head is to sneak about Three Fingers, as soon as you can locate it, no matter what happens to the Constitution and the Statutes. All the Beautiful Talk by the Wets is Alibi Stuff. You seem to think that no Legislature should pass a Law which annoys anyone. You certainly can think up a lot of swell Reasons for tormenting your Insides with Green Scotch. I know by the way you Weep that you're the Injured Party. But I have Good News for you. Hereafter, when you want to touch the Harp gently, you can get the desired Dulcet Strains by taking an Excursion Train to Windsor, Ontario, or else you can hire a Row Boat and go Sixty Miles out to Sea.

Harve—The Trouble with you, Elisha, is that you are attempting to guide a total Lack of Information by the use of a Complete Misunderstanding.

Elisha—And I guess the main Trouble with you is that you've got yourself worked up to such a Pitch that any Reason for getting Lickered Up is a Good Reason.

Having settled all the Points involved, the two Brothers moved over toward the Chicken Dinner.

Moral: It is not a Question of Morals; it is a Matter of Geography.

THE END

A SALESMAN when he faced the buyer; a sales manager when he returned to the home office with the biggest order his firm had ever received, this man gives LaSalle credit for both order and promotion, *yet he had been enrolled for LaSalle training only a month.*

Could You Have Made This Sale?

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"Because of the gratifying increase in business Mr. Abel has brought about," writes D. W. Reinohl, president of the Lindsay Disc Sharpener Company, "we have made him sales manager of our company. And—after 25 years in the selling field, I may add that I, too, have enrolled for LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship. Already I have found it an amazing source of sales-building ideas and methods. No president, general manager, sales manager, or salesman in the field should be without it."

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(—So writes D. W. Reinohl, the employer.)

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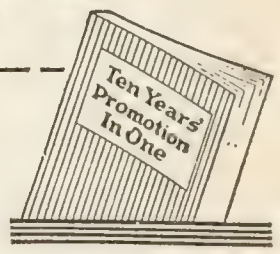

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A Rollicking Tale of One Dark Knight in Cloudland

Twenty feet from the wreckage uprose a burly, comical creature in the colors of white and pink.

LOTS *of* AIR

By Robert McBlair

Pictures by F. D. STROTHMANN

"WHAT I craves," allowed the ebon and spindling Mr. Fish Kelly, "is a change of air."

"Humph!" The comely, light-brown Macedonia, sewing by the parlor window, grunted a wifely contempt for the whims of husbandly temperament.

Fish Kelly batted his prominent eyes. The kindly sun saturated his black felt hat and black wasp-waisted suit, caressed his black skin with a soothing temperature of 101° Fahrenheit.

"I craves a change of air," Mr. Kelly repeated, and for emphasis spat between protruding teeth. "I craves lots of new air. An' what I craves, I craves."

Macedonia raised her high-coiled glossy hair from her sewing. Fish Kelly was usually amenable and mild, but had a way of becoming unmanageable whenever he chanced, on rare occasions, to harbor a fixed idea.

"You don't want no change of no air. You know dat Lawyer Little fixin' to open himself a rest'rant next to ours. You know we got to keep things goin' good."

This argument was greeted with an eloquent silence.

"'Course I know he can't do it lessn he make some money out of dis fair of hisn."

Mr. Fish Kelly, by way of rebuttal, batted his prominent eyes. The whites of his eyes alternately shone and disappeared against the blackness of his thin face. Then abruptly the eyes stopped blinking; fixed themselves upon a moving object that projected beyond the whitewashed fence at the opening to the yard behind Isham Walter's coal-and-wood shack.

The object was a fat arm encased in a sleeve of an unmistakable shade of green. At the end of the sleeve was a hand, light brown on top and paler in the palm. Even across the street Fish Kelly recognized that hand. It belonged to Lawyer Little. It was beckoning to him.

Fish Kelly shifted his feet and moistened his lips. The wily and unscrupulous Lawyer Little was *persona non grata* to Mrs. Macedonia Kelly. He was trying, it was plain, to summon the husband without the knowledge of the wife. Fish fancied he detected the glint of Lawyer's peremptory eye through a knot hole in the fence. His contacts with Lawyer had seldom been profitable.

Lawyer was a person about whose honesty there could be no dispute—he simply didn't have any. And the schemes devised by his crafty imagination had usually one beneficiary—himself. Fish and Lawyer had been bachelor adventurers together. Matrimony, though safe and sane, was lacking at the moment in adventure. And Fish craved a change of air.

"Change yo' air if you wants to," Macedonia compromised as she bent her head over her sewing. "But jes' keep 'way from dat fat yaller rascal, Lawyer Little. Folks is sayin' dat airyplane he got at dat fair of hisn was swiped. He gittin' people to come to dat fair to see folks jump out of a airyplane in de air. Who he gwine git to jump? Ain't nobody but

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Hertz Drivurself, successor to the old-time livery stable

A luxurious, 6-cylinder automobile, specially constructed for this exacting service to give the superlative in transportation . . . a car designed to rigid specifications for this particular type of service.

You can rent this fine car for an hour, a day, a week

Drive it yourself, when and where you will. Costs but a few cents a mile

DO you remember what an important part the old-time livery stable played in the business and pleasure of every community?

People hired a horse and buggy when they needed one, rather than have the continual expense and bother of their own. Traveling salesmen, business men, used them constantly in the day's work. But the livery stable went out of style.

Now, it's back again . . . but *motorized*. Today, by a remarkable new transportation system, you can have a car whenever you need one — drive it five miles or five hundred miles, pay for the actual service you get, at low predetermined prices—turn it in again. That is all.

A gigantic organization makes this service possible

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This new transportation service is the Hertz Drivurself System, an organization with units in practically every city and town in the country. There's a station near you.

It is sponsored by John Hertz and his associates, who developed the world-wide Yellow Cab System, who merged the Fifth Avenue Coach Co. of New York with the great bus systems of Chicago and St. Louis.

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The cars you get from Hertz Stations are luxurious 6-cylinder open or closed cars, of the latest type. Specially constructed for this exacting service to give superlative transportation . . . a car designed to rigid specifications for this particular type of service.

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Hertz Drivurself credentials may be procured which will identify you at any station and enable you to rent a car immediately without deposit.

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GENERAL Motors recognizes an obligation to supply motorized transportation in all its phases.

Just as it is not physically or economically possible for every family to own its own home, so automobile ownership is denied to a vast group of people who appreciate the convenience and economy of the modern automobile.

In the Hertz Drivurself System, General Motors finds the solution of a problem for the man, woman or business firm that must rent, rather than buy, a car.

Because the Hertz Drivurself System fills a genuine need and renders a constructive human service, General Motors welcomes the opportunity to endorse and sponsor this new transportation plan.

Now the Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Co., founded by the men who originated the world-famous Yellow Cab system, and still directed by them, is a member of the great General Motors family. In the specialized field of revenue producing transportation, it occupies a pre-eminent and unchallenged position.

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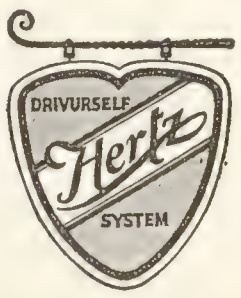
Are you the man? If so, write us.



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(Use margin to write on, if necessary.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

a crazy man gwine jump plumb out of de sky. He gittin' people to pay to come in, and I bet you he don't show 'em nothin'."

Macedonia looked up to see the effect of this speech upon her audience. She found that she had no audience.

"'At's the disappearingest nigger I ever *did* see," complained the deserted wife as she withdrew her head into the parlor and began to look for her hat. "I gwine to take my foot in my han' an' go up to dat air fair. I bet dat Lawyer Little got sompn on his mind, wid Fish. An' I bet I gits it off!"

Macedonia would have saved time had she crossed the street to the yard behind Isham Walter's fence.

There stood Fish Kelly. Facing him was a fat and globular gentleman who wore a worn and greasy cutaway suit that once had been black, but which sun and rain and time had changed to a peculiar green.

THE gentleman's fat, round, and bacon colored countenance was wreathed in a smile.

Above the smile sat a dusty, frayed, spotted opera hat, at an angle which hinted of grandiloquence and vast affairs. The gentleman was speaking.

"Yassuh, Fish. You is a frien' of mine. Dey's lots of folks would like to have dis job. But does I give it to 'em? No! Let Fish do it, I says. Let Fish make dat ten dollars. Let him git dressed up wid all those clothes on an' climb into de airyplane whilst ever'body lookin' on. He's de man what could do it wid style, dat's what I mean. He's my frien'."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Little," interrupted Fish, who had never quite recovered from the respect in which he once held Lawyer. "Tell me dat agin what you lookin' for me to do."

"Let's talk whilst we's walkin'," said Lawyer, and led the way down a narrow alley which debouched upon a cross street a block from Fish's house. "You ain't really got to do nothin'," he continued as they started out together toward the Fair Grounds. "I done got de airyplane at de field right now. I done advertised dey's gwine to be a parachute deescent. Folks gwine come out dar an' pay me dey money to see dat airyplane go up an' a man jump out of it.

"I already done sold a whole passel of tickets. Wid dat money I done bought me a whole passel of ice cream. Gwine be hot out dar. Gwine be lots of niggers wid deir gals. I done bought enough ice cream to feed 'em all. Dat's what I gwine make my money off, sellin' ice cream at fifteen cents a plate. Dat's Lawyer Little. Folks think he make money off admissions. I pays most of dat to dat nigger what drives de plane. It's de ice. . . .

"Dis is it," explained Lawyer. "I gits de folks in de Fair Groun's, an' de ice cream whar dey can see it. Den de airyplane gits to actin' bad, so it have to be fixed. De folks dey eats a li'l ice cream. Mo' fixin's, an' mo' ice cream. Fust thing you know, dey ain't gwine be no ice cream lef'."

"Ice cream ain't got nothin' do wid me." Fish Kelly stopped in his tracks, wiped his retreating chin. "I'se gwine back an'——"

"Can't you give a man time to tell you nothin'?" Lawyer dragged Fish forward. "I's jus' gittin' roun' to you. Ef de folks thunk I got 'em out dar jus' to sell 'em ice cream, an' not to give 'em

"Ever'body in Huntersville gwine know dat Fish Kelly got nerve enough to jump out of a airyplane."

no parachute drop, 'em big buck niggers would cut my th'oat."

"I'll say dey'd cut yo' th'oat!"

"What you grinnin' at?" demanded Lawyer. "Ain't nothin funny 'bout a man gittin' his th'oat cut. What I was gwine say, I got to have all de fixin's. I got to have de plane all set wid de motor runnin'. I got to have de pilot all dar wid his ridin' clothes on him. An' I got to have de other fellow dar wid his jumpin' clothes on him, too. You gwine be de other fellow, see? All you got to do is dress up in dem jumpin' clothes, put dat parachute on yo' back, an' set in dat dar plane. Folks gwine walk all roun' you," added the wily Lawyer, "'mirin' you for all de nerve you got. Ever'body in Huntersville gwine know dat Fish Kelly got nerve enough to jump out of a airyplane."

"But I ain't!" interjected the decoy jumper. "Let's git dat straight betwixt you an me. I was born on de groun', I aims to live on de groun'; when I dies I plans to be buried in de groun'. I gwine leave de sky to de birds."

"Sho'!" agreed Lawyer positively. "I ain't gwine let no frien' of mine go up in no plane. You leaves dat to me."

"I leaves dat to nobody," said Fish.

"Co'se you don't!" Lawyer assented. "Dar's de pilot now. See dat mean lookin' nigger in de yaller ridin' clothes? Hey, Bill!"

"Where you been?" demanded Bill as they arrived at the entrance to the Fair Grounds. Bill was almost white; a pale yellow man with a cold, penetrating gray eye, a hawklike, thin, cold face, a small mustache above thin, cold lips. Fish Kelly didn't like him. "This park full of colored people," Bill continued in his educated way, "all waiting for something to happen."

"Is de ice cream come?" interposed Lawyer.

"No ice cream. And nobody to jump in the chute. I thought you told me you were going to have somebody here not later than——"

"It's all fixed!" cried Lawyer. "Fish, you wait here a minute, whilst I 'splains dis matter to Bill."

Lawyer drew Bill to one side. Fish watched them, a bit uneasily.

II.

THE grounds, as Bill had said, were full of colored people. A shifting crowd of men and women, with a sprinkling of boys, was spread in a semi-circle about a khaki-colored airplane. The semi-circle was at the sides and the rear of the plane: the front of it was given an unobstructed field, because the propeller was turning. At the thought of sitting, even momentarily, in the cockpit of this flighty contraption, Fish experienced an uncomfortable chill.

"Come on, Fish. Git ready!" said Lawyer in his ear.

"Ready for what?" demanded Fish defensively. "'At ice cream ain't got here yit."

"Dar de ice cream now," said Lawyer, pointing to a truck drawing in through the freight gate down the field. "Bill, you git him dressed whilst I git de ice cream goin'."

Bill led the way to two heaps of khaki beneath a near-by shed. He held up a sort of two-legged sleeping bag, into which Fish inserted nervous limbs.

"That's good," said Bill. "Now, let me explain this parachute to you."

"I don't want to know nothin' 'bout no parachute," said Fish.

"Of course, you are not going up now. But in case you ever *should*," answered Bill, and proceeded to adjust the maze of flat bands that encircled Fish and supported a baglike arrangement, the size of a flattened watermelon, which hung at the seat of the pants of his sleeping bag.

"That is the parachute," added Bill, and gave the baglike arrangement an unnecessarily

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

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If you own an old Corona—or any other make of typewriter—your Corona dealer will accept it as part payment for a new Corona Four. The price of this latest model is only $60—everywhere in the States. A small extra charge is made for monthly payments. Look for Corona in your phone book, or mail the coupon for full details.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

violent kick. "You see this ring, just below your belt on the left?"

"You mean dis ring? Dis big one?"

"Exactly. Now, if you were up in the air——"

"I ain't gwine be up in no air."

"I know you ain't," agreed Bill suavely, "but in case you *was*, and in case the engine stopped, and in case the plane was going to make a nose dive and bury itself in the earth and kill anybody that was in it. . . . In a case like that, would you rather come down in the plane or in a parachute?"

"AIN'T gwine be no ruther to it, for me. I was born on de——"

"I know," interrupted the persistent Bill. "But of course you understand that an airplane can't stay in the air except when its motor is going. It's heavier than air, and it is bound to fall. I've seen men crushed until all you could find was a couple of drops of blood and a strand of hair."

"How you undo dis suit?" asked Fish.

"Wait a minute. What I want to explain to you—purely, of course, from the academic standpoint—is this: If you ever *did* happen to be up in an airplane, and if the engine *did* stop, the thing to do, of course, would be to jump and come down in the parachute. Wait a minute. . . . And of course you'd want to *open* the parachute. If the parachute didn't open you'd be crushed anyway."

"Lissen, Mr. Bill——!"

"Wait a minute," Bill insisted. "Now, that's where this ring comes in. Put your right hand on this ring when you jump. Pull the ring. That opens the parachute, see? The best way is to jump, then count three so that you'll be clear of the plane,then pull the ring and open the parachute."

"An' what's happenin' whilst you is countin' three?"

"Why, you are falling," said Bill.

"Dat's what I thought," said Fish. "Mr. Bill, let's me an' you git out of dis here suit. I done jes' remembered I got to see a man 'bout sompn."

"You aren't frightened, are you?"

"What I skeered of?"

"Why, of course, you're not frightened," cried Mr. Bill, and slapped Fish on the back so hard that Fish coughed. "Why, Mr. Little is just announcing to all the people that Fish Kelly is the brave man who is going to make the parachute descent. Look over there!"

Sure enough, Lawyer Little had mounted upon a box and was haranguing the crowd with expressive gestures.

"All you've got to do," said Bill to Fish, "is sit in the cockpit for a few minutes. I'll start up the motor and make as if we are going to start to fly. Then I'll choke the motor off, and after a while, after I've tried to fix it, Lawyer will explain to the crowd that the engine is busted and the flight will be postponed. Then tomorrow morning I'll fly away—I've been here too long for comfort, anyway—and there won't be any flight."

"How I know dat plane ain't gwine fly when you starts de motor?" Fish demanded. He felt an emptiness at the pit of his stomach.

"Look. The engine is going now. See the propeller twirling? But the plane isn't going. It can't go. You see those blocks in front of the wheels? They hold it fast and hard. Here, put on this cap and these goggles. The propeller will blow the dust back in your eyes."

Bill meanwhile was wriggling himself into the second sleeping bag and adjusting the parachute bands. Bill looked like a deep-sea diver, in khaki instead of rubber. Fish began to realize that he looked the same way.

"Hey, Fish! You ready?" Lawyer Little, perspiring profusely from haste and excitement, waddled up. "I got to run back to dat ice cream stand."

"Fish and I are just going to climb aboard," said Bill.

As the two aviators drew near the plane Fish began to like the looks of things less and less. It chilled him to note the silent awe with which the crowd parted to let him through. No crowd would ever accord Fish Kelly such ceremony unless the occasion were serious. Such tributes, in Huntersville, were reserved for the dead or for those near death.

THE whole world was looking on, and Fish Kelly dared not turn back. But he examined the flying machine with eyeballs that nearly protruded through his goggles.

It looked very fragile. The engine was running: Fish could hear its roar growing more and more menacing as he approached. The noise from the unmuffled motor shook Fish's very insides.

"Hey, Bill!" he tried to shout. But Bill couldn't hear him above the sound of the engine. Bill stooped, picked up Fish's foot, put it in a kind of iron stirrup above the wires that ran back to the tail, then boosted up Fish; and Fish, in the automatic movements of a daze, climbed into the tiny round cockpit and sat down. He remembered then to look for the blocks in front of the wheels, and saw that Bill had told the truth.

Beneath the goggles and the encircling helmet Fish's teeth emerged whitely in a grin. He bowed to right and to left, nodded, and waved his hand to acquaintances whom he recognized in the audience. His breast swelled with

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

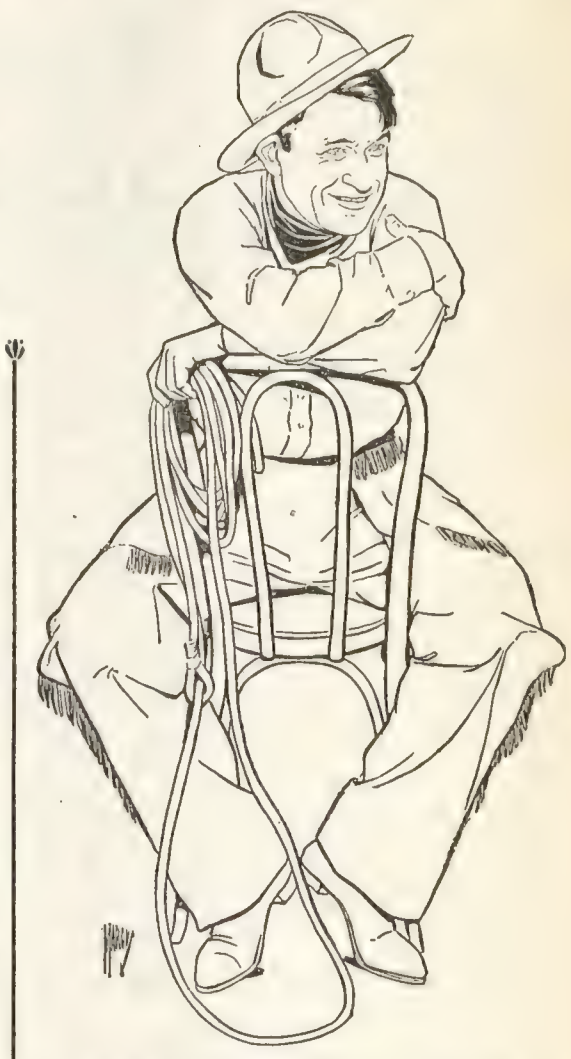
Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

My little boy, thirteen years old, has just returned from a trip to the Mediterranean. He was just at that age when there was no doing anything with him at home, so I sent him over there to see what he could find out for his old Father, who had never been any farther away from home than the barn. He spent two weeks in Egypt, and visited the Tombs of the old Pharaohs. In fact he prowled around in King Tut's Tomb.

Now I am a great believer in ancestry. I hate to see new things or new people come up with no tradition or backing behind them. So when my Young Hopeful returned from a three months' cruise, he informed me of a historical fact that even I (as a Harvard Man) didn't know. He said the most prized thing dug out of King Tut's Tomb was a sacred Bull, which the Egyptians idolized as their God. The wrapping, on close examination, was found to be of empty "BULL" DURHAM sacks sewed together by those ancient people. And when they reached the inner tomb or sarcophagus of this old Pharaoh, or Bull Worshipper, the pocket of his pajamas was found to contain a sack of "Bull" Durham, proving that "BULL" DURHAM is older than the ages. Now, my own boy told me this and he don't lie. He ain't old enough to have to.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.



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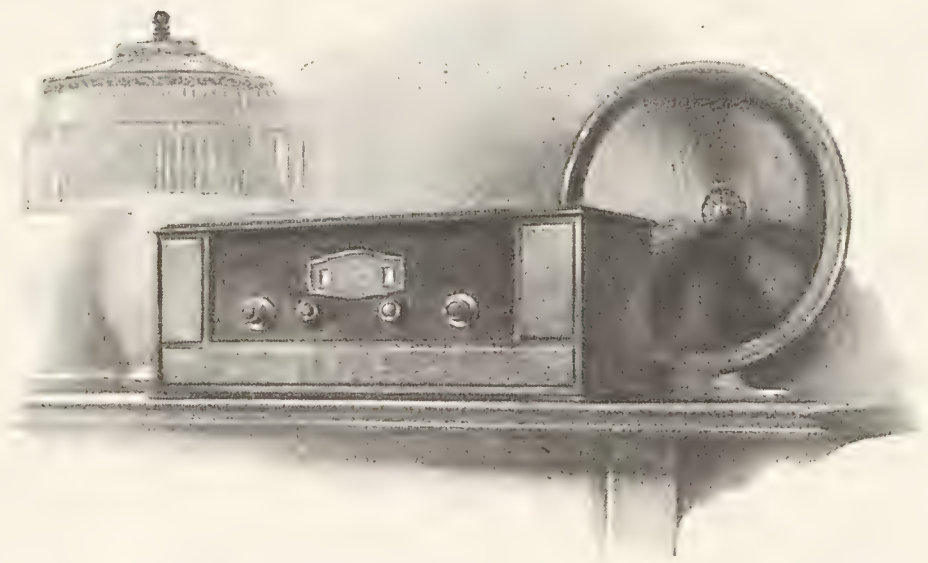

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TRADE MARK

THE AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

pleasure at the sight of so many friendly and admiring faces. There was only one lack. If Macedonia could only be there to see her husband as the hero of the hour . . . She would never believe it if he told her the way folks had acted toward her husband.

And just then Fish saw Macedonia pushing her way nearer through the crowd. He waved to her, but, though she was looking at him, her oval light-brown countenance showed no signs of recognition. He realized that she must have arrived too late to hear Lawyer's announcement. The goggles of course disguised him.

Bill pulled down his goggles and turned to the front. Fish looked for Macedonia again and found her. The oval, comely face, beneath the prim dark blue hat, emerged to him like a flower above the weeds of the watching field. She was staring at him, on her countenance something of a wild surmise. It hurt Fish in the neighborhood of his heart to see her worried, even if there was nothing to worry about.

Bill's arm went up in a gesture. Macedonia's face began moving toward Fish. The roar of the motor was shaking the very heart in his breast. The whole crowd began flowing toward him, too. It was very strange. He brushed a hand across his eyes and found that the crowd had disappeared.

With a wild cry which was swallowed by the motor's roar, Fish unbuckled his belt and looked over the side. The ground was not where he had expected to find it. It was much farther away. It was flowing past and behind him like a blurred and speeding map. He crouched in the tiny cockpit, rebuckled the belt with trembling hands. The plane was rising and turning. He saw below him the flat, dark outlines of the stables. He sought Macedonia. Human beings had changed to dark specks against a blurred greenish background. And all the specks looked alike.

An oval, the size of a starched white collar, marked probably the place where the race track had been. The horizon, instead of turning down, turned up, so that they seemed to be floating above an enormous dish.

And all the while the thudding roar of the engine was shaking his heart to jelly.

III.

TO Fish there was only one ray of hope. Bill knew how to fly. And the engine still kept going. Of course, if the engine stopped, the plane would drop like a comet and bury their mangled bones in the earth. But Bill wouldn't have come way up here in the air if he had expected any such thing as that to happen. And if it did, Bill certainly would tell him what to do. Fish looked down, found the ring of the parachute, and clutched it in his fingers. Then, at the thought of stepping off into the nothingness of space, he quickly withdrew his hand.

"Oh, Lawd," begged Fish, "ef you jes' lemme down outn dis, oh, Lawd, I sho' is gwine be a different man! Lawd, I knows I's a sinner. Jes' gimme a chance to git my feet on de groun' an' repent!"

Just then the roar of the motor began to lessen.

"Oh, L-a-a-awd!" Fish pleaded. "Don't let dat in-jine stop!"

But the motor's sound diminished. Fish saw Bill turn his helmeted head. Above the lessened throb of the engine Bill's voice floated back.

"Loosen your belt, Fish Kelly! Unbuckle it, quick. And grab that parachute ring!"

ALREADY the plane was pointed downward. The minute and distant pattern of the earth, it seemed to Fish, was leaping up to meet them. Almost involuntarily his shaking hands unbuckled the belt that held him in the plane. Nearly paralyzed with fear, he curled his fingers into the ring of the parachute. But here his activity ceased.

"Jump!" Bill was shouting. "Jump and count three!"

Fish could no more have jumped than he could have whistled a cheery tune. His right hand held the release ring of the parachute, while his left clung to the cockpit cowl with a grip he could not loosen. His teeth were chattering, his face was a leaden gray, and his only conscious sensation was of a nausea that enveloped his every muscle.

"Oh, La-a-a-wd . . . !" he began, and stopped at the sight of Bill's goggled face, which was turned upon him fleetingly, as if long enough to see that the belt was unbuckled and the release ring clutched in his hand.

Fish was aware next only of a sudden sweep and swirl of the plane, as if it suddenly had been sucked from beneath him. He found himself free of the plane entirely, standing on nothing at all in the midst of the sky, the whole earth, far below, rushing up to meet him.

He was dimly aware that something had sucked him from the plane, that his feet had struck something with a *rip*. . . .

The spectators clustered near the refreshment stand on the ground had been able to see rather plainly what had occurred. The plane, at first, had crossed the field and had risen smoothly above the opposite fence and trees. As it gained in height it had turned in a graceful curve, and in a succession of unhurried spirals had risen until its spread wings and inter-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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This simple, NEW method, removes the stubborn film that hides the natural beauty of your teeth and imperils healthy gums.

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Eleven years ago I predicted success for Mennen Shaving Cream. Today I prophesy that Mennen Skin Balm will win a million men in six months. Money back if you want it.

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(Mennen Salesman)

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

secting body were but a dark cross against the shimmering blue of the sky. The pilot and passenger were lost in their seats.

Then something had happened. The plane had swerved to the left, at the same time turning sharply sideways, its wings pointed toward the earth and the sky. In such a manner, a clever pilot if his passenger's belt were unbuckled, might dump the passenger swiftly and unexpectedly into the air.

The spectators at the refreshment stand did not think of this. They were prepared to see any kind of stunt or maneuver that the pilot might try. But it became evident, even to the amateur watchers, that something was wrong. When the plane had pitched sideways a parachute had begun to swell from out the passenger's seat, and as the tail of the plane came up the parachute leaped from the plane, sucking a thin, black figure with it.

EVEN at that high altitude it was possible to see that the black figure had not swung clear. Its feet or its legs had struck the upstanding rudder at the rear of the plane, a rudder covered with but a tightly stretched drum of airplane cloth. It wasn't possible to see whether the rudder had been torn, but the actions of the plane at once set this doubt at rest. It dropped for a moment like a plummet. Then it darted eastward like a falling leaf, only to turn and speed, like a bullet from a rifle, directly toward the refreshment stand.

The spectators at the refreshment stand lost interest here in the spectacle. They scattered in every direction, as if driven by a group consciousness which told them the plane could hit in but one place. They left Little at his stand. Lawyer had deprived himself of the pleasure of watching in order to serve his ice cream.

Only those of the crowd who remained near the take-off place saw the accident steadily and saw it whole. They saw the initial parachute, which they rightly guessed to be attached to Fish Kelly, snatch that gentleman unwillingly into the circumambient air. They saw Fish, swinging at first backward and forward like a pendulum, gradually steady and float, beneath the spreading parachute, gently toward the earth. They saw the airplane drop and twist, as if it were only partially under control, saw it head for the refreshment stand.

And then they saw a figure leap from it into the air. A figure at first unsupported, but suddenly from behind its shoulders a parachute snapped into a huge mushroom shape, opened in time to break the pilot's fall, but not in time to keep him from approaching the ground fast.

There was a crashing roar as the plane hit the refreshment stand. Bits of board and dirt catapulted into the air, made a leisurely turn at the summit of their flight, and dropped back to earth upon the wreckage where Lawyer Little and the refreshment stand had been.

For a moment the scattered wreckage was shrouded in amber dust. Then, with a great detonation, a sheet of flame leaped a hundred feet in the air. Almost as quickly it changed into a column of oily smoke, which wound lazily across the race track, where smaller flames began to leap and coil about the tinder-dry pitch-pine boards.

The colored ladies and gentlemen nearest the catastrophe, now that the worst was over, began to turn in their tracks. Those who had not been exposed to danger came running forward. But the joining phalanx of those who had been frightened, and those who had not, came abruptly to a stand.

It is said that Aunt Liza Steptoe, who is deeply religious, fled home and crawled beneath her bed, where she stayed for nearly two days.

Twenty feet from the wreckage uprose a burly comical creature in the colors of white and pink. It was not a snow man, although it sported a pink and white hat. Snow doesn't fall in a temperature of 101, and snow is not spotted with pink.

In the boiling sunshine this creature peeled from its side a few pink and white barrel staves. The crushed and melting opera hat rolled stickily down the creature's shoulder and fell upon the ground with a squash. Then, and not till then, the crowd was reassured. Because they recognized, above the shivering lump of strawberry and vanilla ice cream, the jail-shaven cranium and bacon-colored brow of Lawyer Little.

BILL, the pilot, his fists clenched, his face bleeding from its impact with the earth, limped roughly through the crowd and faced this agile promoter, this living Eskimo pie.

"You got me into this!" cried the livid Bill. "I needed that plane to get away with. . . . Take that! And that!"

Lawyer Little had lifted his hand to remove ten cents' worth of ice cream from his ear so as to hear Bill better. Bill's hand got there first. The crowd moved back to escape the resulting splatter, and for a better view of the chocolate fist print on the melting sweetness of Lawyer's cheek. Another splatter, another impact, and another fist print, this time on Lawyer's eye, viewed by the gathering with interest. Their attention was suddenly diverted.

Four marines, in khaki uniforms, appeared at double quick through the entrance gate. Bill looked at them a moment wildly, then fled across the field. The marines sped after him.

Lawyer Little did not wait to see the result of the chase. Moving at first stiffly, but with more freedom, as the vanilla and strawberry melted and fell away, Lawyer escaped with commendable swiftness, through the open gate, carrying his melting profits on his shoulders.

To this day there are two schools of thought as to how Lawyer got that way. One contends that the impact of the airplane shattered the ice cream barrel and pitched it onto Lawyer's shoulders; the other argues that it was pitched by the later explosion. No information on the subject can be obtained from Lawyer.

At that moment the crowd did not speculate about Lawyer. They discovered that they were about to have a visitant from the sky. Drifting with the languid grace of one who is hanging by the shoulders, none other than Mr. Fish Kelly himself appeared in the air overhead.

EVERYONE had forgotten Fish. Now that Bill, the pilot, and Lawyer, the promoter, were demeaned and vanished, it suited the color of the gathering to find a hero at last. A shout of greeting went up to the man of local talent who had had the stupendous courage deliberately to go up in an airplane and as deliberately and as coolly to leap into space.

Fish returned the greeting. So deliberate had been his descent he had had ample time to conclude that, if the shoulder straps held, he would land alive. He waved his hand to the array of smiling faces. He essayed a bow, which somehow did not quite come off. Even from the ground could be seen the prideful gleam of Fish's smile. The smile grew larger as Fish came nearer. When he landed, however, both Fish and the smile were smothered by the enormous parachute, which, of course, had to come down, too.

No one, however, heard Fish's frightened squawk. And he was still the hero of heroes when the comely and tearful Macedonia was able at last to drag him reluctant away from the grasp of his innumerable admirers.

"Fish, honey, you skeert me plum' to def. Come, you gwine to ack dis here way aroun' here, I certainly gwine agree for you to go git yourself dat change of air."

"Air?" inquired Fish, and looked cautiously around to see that no admirer was in earshot. "Honey," he said, "don't never speak dat word to me agin. Jes' 'tween you an' me, I is done had enough air today to las' me all de res' of my life."

THE END

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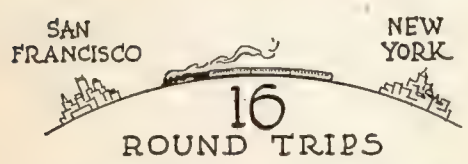

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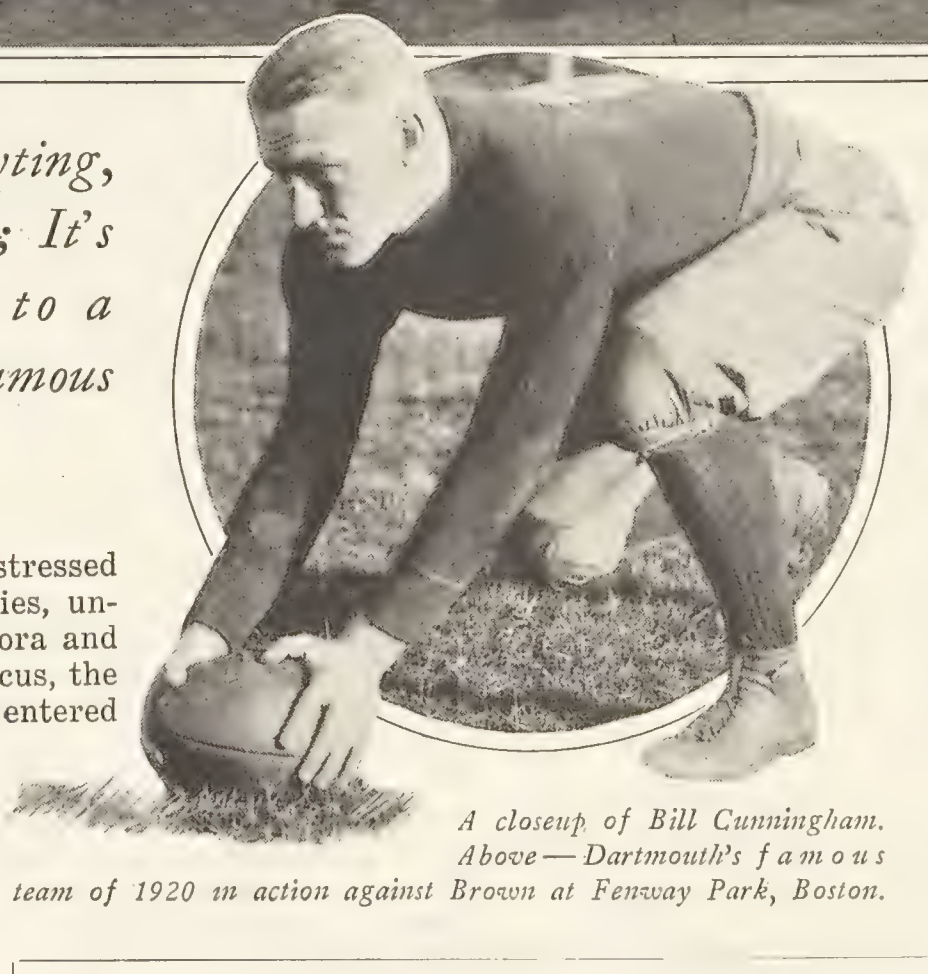
How Football Players Get to COLLEGE

Some Folks Call It Proselyting, but That's a Harsh Word; It's Just a Helping Hand to a Feller in Need, Says a Famous Gridiron Star



A closeup of Bill Cunningham. Above — Dartmouth's famous team of 1920 in action against Brown at Fenway Park, Boston.

By Bill Cunningham

Dartmouth's Famous Center, Ranked by Experts as One of the Greatest Football Players of All Time.

IN ITS ringing diatribe against overstressed athletics, exorbitant coaching salaries, unhobbled tramp athletes and other flora and fauna of the modern intercollegiate circus, the now justly celebrated Presidents' Pact entered into by Yale, Harvard, and Princeton three years ago included a clause against "proselyting."

Until Doctors Angell, Lowell, and Hibben dignified it with that academic polysyllable, the good old practice of "goin' out and gettin' 'em" had never before enjoyed an official title, although the practice itself is a venerable one, well grounded in precedent and mantled in hoary and heroic tradition.

In the dim distant days long before Alma Mater became wholly an honest person, proselyting was an open process, openly arrived at. Eligibility rules were unknown. Teams borrowed star players from other teams to bolster their battle fronts for important engagements, or if all teams were working and no imported talent was therefore available, they weren't above recruiting a broad-shouldered townie, or nearby farmhand for the exigency.

Down in Morgantown, West Virginia, right now you'll find a huge member of the local constabulary by the name of Dick Stine. Large Richard was never closer to a West Virginia classroom than the sidewalk skirting the campus, yet, in his day Dick was as dependable a guard as you could find in collegiate circles. He played fairly regularly with the Mountaineers, so the old-timers say.

Over in Pennsylvania somewhere one day, the rival team almost murdered him on the field. They thought him Pudge Heffelefinger of Yale, pastiming for the afternoon in a West Virginia uniform, and because of Heffelefinger's fame, the whole team played Stine, piling on top of him at every opportunity.

Up in Hanover, New Hampshire, in this later chaste era, you'll find a genial gentleman, Alonzo Gove, dispensing real New England hospitality from behind the desk of the Hanover Inn. Mr. Gove, strictly speaking, is not a Dartmouth man. He never matriculated into the college; he just grew up in the town, yet if you could persuade Lon to excavate in his musty old trunk, he'd probably turn up a mildewed D sweater or two dating back to the days when he was about the flashiest athlete Dartmouth could boast.

That was proselyting in the old

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHO'S CUNNINGHAM?

By HUGH FULLERTON

CUNNINGHAM of Dartmouth, one of the greatest football players ever produced, is also one of the foremost authorities on the game. In fact he was called by the late "Tiny" Maxwell, famous player and official, "the greatest master of the spiral center." Picked almost unanimously by football writers in 1919 as All-America center, he was ignored by Walter Camp that year; although in 1920 Camp selected him for honors and rated him with Stein of Pittsburgh.

Besides that Cunningham carried off the highest honors of his class in English at Dartmouth on a thesis of 15,000 words on "Shakespeare the Modernist," and was nominated for a Rhodes scholarship, declining it in order that he might have one more year on the football field for the glory of the Green.

In addition to all that Cunningham did a pretty good job as First Lieutenant of Artillery in action in France.

Cunningham was considered the most reliable center in the country —playing three years without making a bad pass. In 1920 he did the dropkicking for his team, kicking one hundred and twenty goals without missing one.

He invented the so-called "pendulum kick" which caused the change in the try for goal after touchdown. Using this kick Cunningham was practically certain of the point, and the day before the Dartmouth-Cornell game in 1920 he gave perhaps the greatest kicking exhibition ever seen, kicking one hundred and sixty-six consecutive goals.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

days. But that isn't the modern sort.

The baldness and crudeness of the past have gradually been banished by the almost universal adoption of the residence rule, ironclad intercollegiate organization, closer faculty supervision, and a stricter adherence to the spirit as well as the letter of the playing code.

Modern proselyting—the sort referred to in the Presidents' Pact—is a much more subtle thing. In an indirect way it serves much the same purpose as the old-time system. It is slower but really more effective than the old-fashioned way, for whereas the old-timers merely got a powerful team on the field for perhaps one afternoon, the modern system, when working perfectly, guarantees maximum strength for four years at a time.

In its simplest terms, modern proselyting consists of scouring the preparatory and high schools of the country for their most promising athletes and steering these athletes into your college.

IT'S difficult to see where the college authorities can do much about this so long as there's a rabid alumnus left alive anywhere, and all alumni are usually rabid. It's even more difficult to see how the colleges can differentiate between the outlawed proselyting and legitimate aid extended some ambitious youth by an altruistic alumnus whose motives may be of the highest and the most honorable.

Dig into the scenery behind any big college team anywhere and you'll find a half dozen stories that will puzzle you. The line of demarcation is so faintly etched that even the principals in the process couldn't help if they tried to.

My own story, I think, is a case in point, and since it is a typical story and exactly illustrative, I'm going to waive all claims to modesty and tell it.

The cynical outsider will smile at it perhaps and call it a straight case of proselyting—an out-and-out case of offering an athlete "inducements" to go to college—the very thing all the real colleges in the land are seeking right now to condemn and stamp out.

I'll admit that on the surface it has that appearance, for the cold facts briefly outlined are these: Edgar A. De Witt (may his blest tribe increase), a middle-aged Dartmouth alumnus of means, did chance upon me, a preparatory school football captain with a widowed mother and no means whatsoever, did steer me and tutor me and encourage me to kick the football all summer, did pay my train fare from Texas to New Hampshire for the sole and express purpose of matriculating into his Alma Mater, did pay all my expenses through that first year in college, and even after I had established an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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AIRID Air Valves make cold radiators *hot*. Attach easily to any steam radiator without tools—need no adjusting—never leak—make no noise. Sold at heating and plumbing stores. Only $1.60.

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Send me a trial Airid (one only). (Guaranteed 5 years.) (This will be mailed C. O. D., or enclose check or money order for $1.60.)

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Its *clear* tone comes from 30 years of loud speaker experience

ALL who hear The Amplion are won by its clear, life-like tone—the quality which has made it the world's largest selling loud speaker. The explanation is that The Amplion was evolved by the actual originators and oldest producers of loud speakers—thirty years experienced! Long before radio became popular, their loud speakers were in use on over 12,000 ships of leading nations.

Hear The Amplion—*in comparison!* Speakers $12 to $42.50 Phonograph units in two sizes. Write for "The Amplion Pedigree" and dealer's name.

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$1,000.00

for best titles

PLEASE help us get a title for this beautiful picture—the 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel.

How would you describe this scene in a few words? Write down the titles that come to you; then send in the best one.

CASH PRIZES. 1st, $500; 2nd, $250; 3rd, $150; and 2 prizes of $50 each.

SUGGESTIONS. These titles may set your mind working — Beauty's Reward, Love's Hour; One or None?; "I Love You, Dearest"; Beneath the Palms; Beauty Wins.

RULES

1. Only one title from one person
2. Ten words or less for the title
3. Write title on one sheet of paper. Below title write only your name and full address plainly
4. Coupon and coin for panel can be sent along with your title
5. Contest closes Nov. 30, 1925, but get your title in early
6. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant
7. Prizes paid Dec. 15, 1925. Winners announced Jan. 9, 1926, in Saturday Evening Post

Note. If you plan to get panel, you can send for it and send in your title. No one is required to get a panel to enter contest.

Get 1926 Panel
and samples

This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Executed by the famous colorist, Gene Pressler. Size 27 x 7 inches Art store value 75c to $1. Sent for two dimes along with valuable samples of Pompeian Bloom; Pompeian Beauty Powder; Pompeian Day Cream; Pompeian Night Cream. Tear off the coupon now, and send today.

Pompeian
Beauty Powder

Madame Jeannette, Pompeian Laboratories
2002 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.

Dear Madame:
I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel and valuable samples.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Powder shade wanted?.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

earning capacity of a sort as an undergraduate sideline, did send me money from time to time as my college bills required it, and did stand ready at all times, apparently, to advance me such money until the date of my graduation.

If the football coach or the Athletic Council had done these things it would be a straight case of proselyting with the ugliest possible inferences, for I played football at Dartmouth. As Edgar A. De Witt did it, however, it was a straight case of helping an ambitious boy get a college education—nothing more.

Yet the result, so far as Dartmouth was concerned, was exactly and unequivocally the same.

Perhaps you think I knew Edgar A. De Witt. I didn't. That would seem to score a point for the proselyting charge. I had never seen him before in my life. I'd never even heard of him. I therefore didn't know him, and I don't really know him now. It was an impersonal transaction from first to last, and it is impersonal still. His great love for Dartmouth and his great love for boyhood are the outstanding characteristics of this splendid American. It was just my blind fortune to stumble into his focus at the moment these two great passions fused into a definite plan back in 1915.

MENTER BRADLEY TERRILL'S school in Dallas, Texas, sent its wealthy sons to Yale. Uncle Menter, himself, was a Yale man and his exclusive establishment catered to the sons of the wealthy. Geet Splawn and I were the only two paupers on the roster. Geet later became the great Michigan fullback, but at Terrill he was just a powerful radish-legged youth who could already punt and dropkick better than two-thirds of the college players in the country.

He did something around Uncle Menter's place for his tuition. I played the piano in chapel for mine. All the rest were pay students, and they paid Uncle Menter plenty.

Visitors were common enough at Terrill School. None of us paid any particular attention to a well-groomed stranger who came out with Uncle Menter one autumn afternoon to visit the Fourth Form classes.

None of us paid any particular attention the following Saturday afternoon when this same stranger sat with Uncle Menter on our sideline bench while we played a football game. None of us paid any particular attention because we had about all the football we could handle that day. Terrill teams usually lorded it over the rest of the section without much real opposition. If you are interested in preparatory school football you may recall that this Texas team

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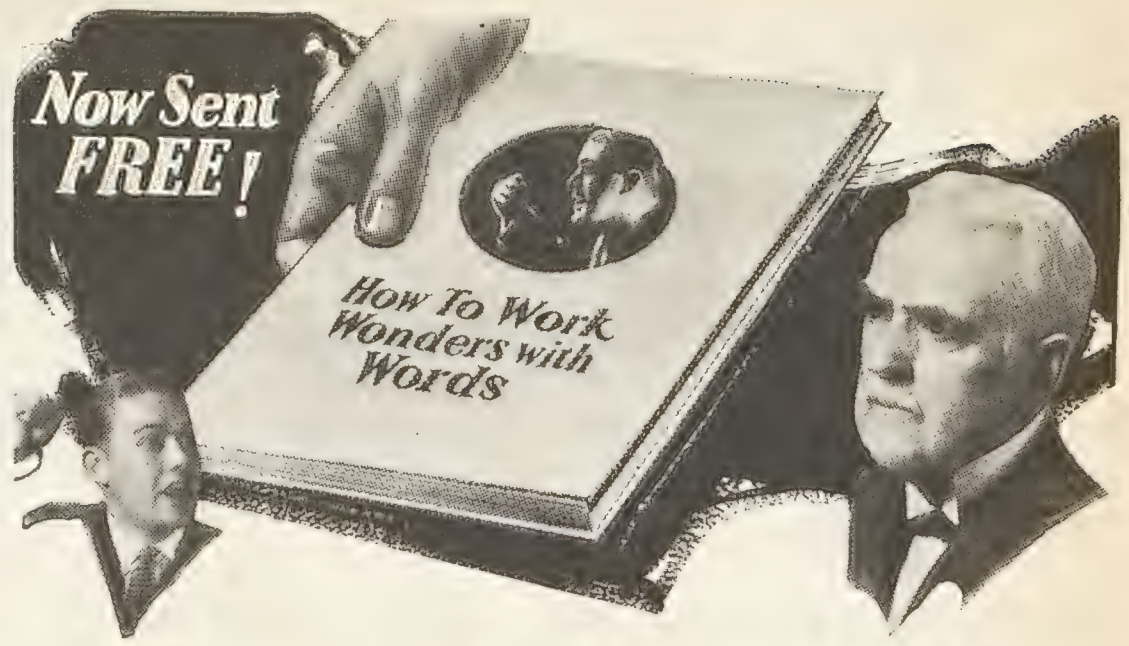

Not Only Men Who Have Made Millions Send for this Astonishing Book ~but Thousands of Others!

Many successful business men have sent for this amazing book NOW MAILED FREE. Such men as Walter C. Ford, of the Ford Manufacturing Company; C. F. Bourgois, President of Robischon and Peckham Company; H. B. McNeal, President of the Telephony Publishing Company; and many other prominent, prosperous business executives, are unstinting in their praise of it. But don't think it is only for big men. Thousands of young men have found in this book the key to advancement in salary and position, popularity, standing, power and real success.

Today business demands for the big, important, high-salaried jobs men who can dominate others. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation. Another from a small, unimportant territory to the sales manager's desk. Another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national prominence as a campaign speaker. A timid, self - conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much-applauded after-dinner speaker.

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- How to address business meetings
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- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to write better letters
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
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- How to be the master of any situation

Either You Become a Powerful Speaker—or Your Training Is Free

You are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things which keep you silent when men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, standing, power and real success. This simple, easy, sure and quick training is guaranteed to do this—or it will not cost you a single penny.

Only 15 minutes a Day Required

There is no mystery about the power to work wonders with words. It makes no difference how embarrassed or self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak. Certain principles will show you how to rise head and shoulders above the mass and make yourself the dominating figure in any gathering. How to rise to any occasion and demand what you want with force, vigor and conviction. Give only fifteen minutes a day in the privacy of your own home and you can accomplish all this in a few short weeks.

Make This Free Test

If you will fill in and mail the coupon at once you will receive this remarkable new book, "How to Work Wonders with Words," which gives you an amazing test by which you can determine for yourself in five minutes whether you are one of the seven men out of every nine who possess the "hidden knack" of powerful speech, but do not know it. Decide for yourself if you are going to allow fifteen minutes a day to stand between you and success. Thousands have found this to be the biggest forward step of their lives. If it has played such an important part in the lives of many big men, may it not in yours?

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Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your famous book, "How to Work Wonders with Words."

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Address.....

City..... State.....

The Trail of a Thousand Thrills

"You've heard the crack of the ice in spring. You've stood where maybe no other man has stood since the Almighty made the earth. You've filled your lungs with air that kings would love to breathe. You've slept in sixty below and woke to find your blood still running. That's living, I guess. What else is there left?"

STEVE and Bill found plenty "left" before their trail led them out of the dark, dangerous abysses of murder, plunder, intrigue and plague into the caressing sunshine of understanding and freedom.

Some of those on the Trail—

Steve, the man—broad-shouldered, clear-eyed, his face bearing the marks of the great cold of the north.

Kate, the girl—daughter of a millionaire railroad magnate—beautiful to look at, able to handle men as well as a dog team, but Bill's arch-enemy.

Noon, the Chilkat Indian—snatched from a horrible death by the bravery of Steve and Bill and in turn giving his life to save Bill from the hands of villains.

And then, Bill—(Plain Bill)—sallow, weak, sick physically and mentally, but with a lovable nature and an indomitable will which endeared him to his "Pard" and carried him through to a victorious finish.

It's a story of the great open spaces of the North, a vivid tale of adventure and of battles between man and nature and man and man. It's a real "He Man" story—hair-raising and breathless in spots—gripping the heart cords with its touches of love and romance in others.

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Name.....

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

went thirteen straight years without a football defeat.

This was during that victorious reign all right, but things weren't going so well this particular day. The Arlington Training School was the opposition, and we were playing at Arlington—a wide place in the road a few miles toward Fort Worth from Dallas.

A fleet Arlington halfback who later became a great star at Vanderbilt ran circles completely around us in the last half, wiping out our three-touchdown lead and throwing panic into our cocksure cohorts.

I blush to record it, but with the score tied 20-20 and three minutes to play, I managed to break loose off tackle for a 30-yard run and on the subsequent play I delivered the one perfect dropkick of my life, which happened to be enough to break the tie and win by three points what had developed into an uncomfortably close football game.

As I was leaving the field, Uncle Menter called me over and introduced me to the stranger beside him. The stranger's name was Edgar A. De Witt.

"I wish you'd come to my office Monday morning," he said as we shook hands. "Here's a card with the address. It's 1313 Commerce Street."

IN his office adorned with Dartmouth scenes, although I didn't know what they were then, Mr. De Witt greeted me cordially and bade me sit down.

"Do you want to go to college, young man?"

"I do, sir," I said.

"Can you go to college as matters now stand?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any family?"

"Yes, sir—a mother. My father is dead."

"Has your mother any means? You'll pardon these personal questions. I only want to help you if I can."

"No, sir. She has a position of a sort downtown. I help after school and on Saturdays outside of the football season."

"Do you think she could take care of herself while you went away to college?"

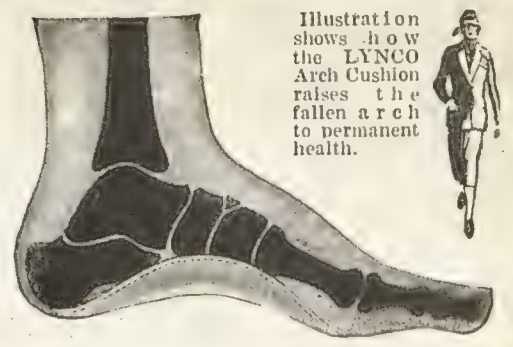
"She might be able to. I'm sure she'd try. She wants me to go to college. We often talk about it. We thought I might be able to go to the State University and work my way through somehow. But we haven't any plans. I've got to get through Terrill School first."

"Did you ever think of going East to college?"

"No, sir. My father wanted me to go to Yale. But that's out of the question now."

"Perhaps it isn't as far out of the question as you think. Dartmouth's my college and the Dartmouth alumni in this section

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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The LYNCO Arch Cushion is made of special cellular rubber covered with soft, pliable leather.

This means that fallen arches are massaged gently and naturally into normal position and held there while Nature completes the work of permanent relief.

There are no metal parts in the makeup of the LYNCO Arch Cushion.

Your own doctor or shoe dealer will be glad to give you further details, or write to us.

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Don't "Drug" Your Headache

with a powerful drug which leaves you with a worn-out feeling and ready for another headache.

Be careful. Take "the Balanced Prescription", a safe and effective combination of beneficial ingredients, the remedy that has stood the test of 35 years—

KOHLER-ANTIDOTE

No exhausting after-effects. You feel "wonderful" after Kohler-Antidote. Easy and pleasant to take.

POWDERS OR TABLETS

Your druggist recommends it.

Ask Them

How They Reduced

Most people everywhere keep slender in these days. Wherever you look, the great majority of men and women are combating fat.

Ask how they do this and many will mention Marmola. This famous prescription has for 18 years been reducing excess fat. Millions have learned its efficiency. The results are seen in every circle now. Almost everyone has slender friends who owe their figures to Marmola.

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No abnormal exercise, no starvation diet. Just a pleasant tablet. No secrets. We state every ingredient and tell how Marmola acts. You know exactly why and how reduction comes.

Then why remain over-fat? Every idea of beauty and efficiency forbids. When so many people keep slender so easily, why not find out how? You owe that to yourself.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-ct. sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

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I am interested in instruments checked below:
Saxophone☐ Cornet☐ Trombone☐ Trumpet☐
(Mention any other instrument interested in)
Name.....
Street Address .....
Town.....State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

have decided to establish a scholarship there for some worthy boy. We've asked Mr. Terrill to recommend someone from his school and he's recommended you.

"I liked the way you played football Saturday. Any fellow can look like a champion when his team is winning, but the fellow who comes through when the breaks are against him is the real thoroughbred on the field. If you can boot dropkicks like that in the Dartmouth uniform you'll be famous all over the country.

"Why don't you take these books and this catalogue home with you tonight and look them over? Talk them over with your mother and come by to see me in a couple of days. Bring your mother with you if you can."

It wasn't until almost two years later that I learned that "the Dartmouth alumni in this section" was in reality only Edgar A. De Witt, that he had evolved his scholarship idea from a story in a Texas newspaper that the Harvard alumni of Dallas planned to establish a scholarship at Harvard for some worthy Dallas boy, and that Edgar A. De Witt, loyal Dartmouth man that he was, at once swore a mighty swear that Harvard should never put anything over on Dartmouth, even if the distance from headquarters was 2,000 miles.

THE months flashed by at a startling pace and I stepped one never-to-be-forgotten morning from a bus onto the graveled paths of the Dartmouth campus for the first time. Two afternoons later I reported for freshman football.

That first week both on field and in locker room was a madhouse. After that things settled down, or as they say in golf and baseball, "class began to tell." The ranks thinned daily and after a fortnight we were only an average size squad.

Then it was that we began to make friends, and, as friends, we began to share confidences. I gradually became aware of the fact that my position as a student wasn't particularly unique. At least a dozen of the more promising candidates, brilliant youngsters who already wore the stamp of future varsity greatness, had stories that in most of their general particulars coincided exactly with mine.

Not all of them had been picked up bodily and helped over the hurdles as I had, to be sure, but no one of them, so far as I heard, had found any extra obstacles placed in his path once he had decided to turn his face toward Hanover and had allowed that fact to become known.

Most of these husky compatriots with whom I later served shoulder to shoulder in varsity regalia through three of the most strenuous campaigns of modern Dart-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now I'm Ready for 800 Men who can Earn $150 a Week

Take orders for this wonderful suit at **$12.50**

C. E. Comer, President of the Comer Manufacturing Company, wearing a Comer suit. Look at the style! Notice the fit! And the amazing low price! Think how easily you can sell hundreds of these suits. Mail the coupon AT ONCE for full details.

If you are looking for the big chance—your real opportunity to make money—this is it. If you have the ambition and the vision to go after $500 to $1,000 a month profit for yourself, then you will realize that this is the one opportunity you have been looking for.

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Now read this carefully. Get it! On the left is a picture of a suit of clothes. It's a good suit of clothes—stylish—good looking. It fits. It holds its shape. The pattern is excellent. Thousands of men in your locality need this new, modern, sensible, low priced suit.

Wears Like Iron!

Listen! The treatment this suit will stand is almost unbelievable. It is made entirely of a special cloth that is amazingly strong, durable, tough, and long-wearing. It is unaffected by treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit.

Tremendous Demand

And now we're making this wonder suit in tremendous quantities—not one at a time—but by the thousands. All that modern machinery and efficient methods can do to produce big value at small cost is applied in making the new Comer suit.

And finally, we are using the same modern efficiency in selling it—direct from factory to wearer through our local representatives. The result is amazing. It brings this suit to the wearer at a price that is revolutionary—a price that everyone can afford to pay—a price that makes it the greatest clothing value in years.

An Amazing Suit For Only $12.50

Think. $12.50 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. A million suits a year is our objective. Every community in America is swarming with opportunities for sales. And now if you are interested in making money we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—to take orders. That's all. We furnish all instructions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere through whom our customers can send us their orders.

Experience is not necessary. We want men who are ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn $30 or $40 a day without getting lazy—men who can make $1,000 a month and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer, a preacher, or a teacher, that makes no difference—the opportunity is here and we offer it to you.

This suit only $12.50

A Few Hours' Spare Time Will Convince You

If you feel you want to devote only spare time to the work, that is satisfactory to us. You can earn $10 to $20 a day in a few hours. You will find in a few days that it will pay you to give this work more time—for your earnings will depend entirely on how many men you see.

IMPORTANT!
The Comer Mfg. Co. is the largest business of its kind in the world. It has twelve years of successful experience back of it. The business has been built on the policy of giving exceptional values to customers and fair, square treatment to representatives.

Write Today Territories will be filled rapidly. Orders are now coming in a flood. Men are making money faster and easier than they even hoped. So don't delay. Write today for complete descriptions, samples of cloth and full information. Do it now. Don't send any money. Capital is not required. Just fill out the coupon and mail it for all the facts.

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MAIL NOW FOR FULL DETAILS

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Please send at once complete details of your new $12.50 suit proposition that offers opportunity for a man without experience or capital to earn as much as $1,000 a month. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

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PLEASANT
LAXATIVE
For Sick, Feverish, Bilious Children

Mother! Give Constipated Child "California Fig Syrup"

If your little one is out-of-sorts, won't play, seems sick, languid, not natural—suspect the bowels! A teaspoonful of delicious "California Fig Syrup" given anytime sweetens the stomach and soon moves the sour fermentations, gases, poisons and indigestible matter right out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative. It never cramps or overacts. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits. Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages plainly printed on bottle.

Reduce This Fleshy Spot

DON'T weaken yourself with starvation diets—don't strain your heart with violent exercises. Here's a wonderful new invention which gives you an instant appearance of slimness and quickly reduces the actual fat—without any danger, discomfort or disagreeable self-denial.

Take Off 2 to 6 Inches with New Self-Massaging Belt

The moment you put on this wonderful, new, self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 6 inches—but, better still, you should actually grow thinner day by day. At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, back-aches and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy, and look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

Like Having a Private Masseur

This new, wonderful Weil Reducing Belt produces the same results as an expert masseur—only quicker and cheaper. It not only reduces your waistline when you put it on but is so constructed that every movement you make, every breath you take, imparts a constant, gentle massage to every inch of your abdomen. In a few weeks inches and inches of fat should actualy disappear.

The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys and is highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question. The Weil Co., 8810 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

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Mail Coupon at once for full description and details of the special 10-day trial offer.

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8810 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your special 10-day trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

mouth football had been interested in Dartmouth by some loyal alumnus and several of them had traveled long distances in order to pull the green jersey over the old shoulder harness.

There were Johnny "Zack" Jordan from Denver, and big Earl Thomson, who came on from Los Angeles a football player, only to drop football and gain undying fame as an Olympic and world's champion high hurdler. There were flashy Bert Eckberg from somewhere in Minnesota, and "The Iron Duke," Gus Sonnenberg, from an Illinois hamlet. There were Bill Streng from Pennsylvania, Gene Neely from Texas, Cuddy Murphy from Maine, and Ken Huntington from New York.

The Greater Boston High Schools had a strong representation of stars in Jack Cannell, Norm Crisp, Swede Youngstrom, and John Shelburne. There were Guy Cogswell from New Hampshire, Bud Potter from Exeter, Moe Friedburg from Salem, and Eddie Lynch from Montana, Bill Sheppard from Chicago, and so on through the long list.

WITH the exception of Neely, the Texan, there was scarcely a thin dime among us. We waited on tables, worked in the town's movie show, peeled potatoes, washed dishes, tended the kids of professors, mowed lawns, ran errands, solicited laundry, peddled stuff through the dormitories, ran special trains out of Hanover for holidays, clerked in the village stores, and—played football.

And it was a pretty good brand of football we played, if I am so immodest as to say so. Dartmouth had outgrown the old New England triangle. She'd outgrown the appetizer role to Princeton and Harvard. She craved to associate with Harvard and Yale on the basis of late season equality.

And she'd been told, perhaps not in just such vulgar idiom, to "Go and get a reputation."

We were the lads elected. If some conscientious reformer could prove beyond doubt that we were recruited from our far flung alfalfa fields for the express purpose of getting that reputation, he'd have a clear case against Dartmouth. But he couldn't get such proof. As such it isn't there. I'm perfectly sure that we were just a happy coincidence, bundled onto that beautiful plateau in the pines at a moment when something like us was most needed. I'm equally sure that the motives behind our presence were the whitest and most altruistic.

I'm perfectly sure, also, that you'll find just such stories behind half the big teams of the country that year, this year, and any year of the future.

That's the point that I'm striv-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Broken-out Skin Cleared by Sulphur

Just the moment you apply Mentho-Sulphur to an itching, burning or broken out skin, the itching stops and healing begins, says a noted skin specialist. This sulphur preparation, made into a pleasant cold cream, gives such a quick relief, even to fiery eczema, that nothing has ever been found to take its place. Because of its germ-destroying properties, it quickly subdues the itching, cools the irritation and heals the eczema right up, leaving a clear, smooth skin in place of ugly eruptions, rash, pimples or roughness.
You do not have to wait for improvement. It quickly shows. You can get a jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur at any drug store at small cost.

FREE SAMPLE

Send coupon for sample of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur

Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Dept. 12-A, New York, N. Y.
Send me free sample of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur.

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Big Typewriter Bargain!
Own your own Underwood Model 5! Why take *less* when our rebuilt plan brings this ace of all writing machines at a *big* saving and on easy monthly terms!

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Don't buy a typewriter until after a *free trial* of this one! We *give* you a quick course in touch writing. Send today, here and now, for our special offer; we'll send catalog and new, valuable Typewriting Manual *Free*. Address
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MAKE $15 A DAY Wearing These Shirts

The wonderful new FashionWear shirt line—fine fabrics, beautiful designs in silk, madras and percale—is making $15 to $20 a day, even for inexperienced salesmen.

FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT SEND NAME FOR FULL OFFER

This is a line that makes it possible for you to clean up $5 to $10 in an hour visiting factories, garages, offices, etc., in spare time. Every man is a prospect. Write quick for free samples and make $10 first day. You can start right out taking orders.

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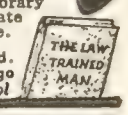

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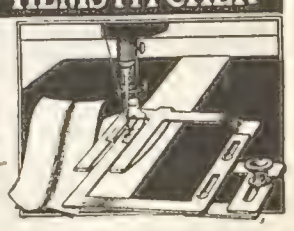

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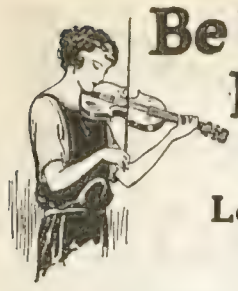

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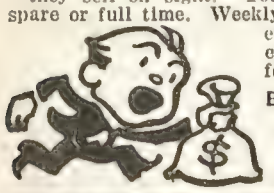

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

ing to make. There's such a thin line between cold-blooded "gettin' 'em" and warm-blooded altruism that it virtually amounts to no line at all.

Our path to the top was no straightaway, however. If you know your football, you remember that first post-war season saw every college in the country crammed with brilliant material. All the old-timers trooping back from the war found their places filled with the youngsters developed in the student officers' training corps. There was a battle royal for every position on the field in every camp in the country. It was a coach's dream of a lifetime come true. There was an embarrassment of riches everywhere.

It was through opposition like this that we battered that year, tumbling Penn State, Pennsylvania, and Cornell among others, and battling the last of the great Colgate teams to a 7-7 tie that the sports writers called the bitterest game in America that year. We emerged in the end in a three-way tie for the imaginary Eastern championship. For the first time in history a Dartmouth team had attained real national fame.

THE next year, 1920, we swung into action again. Due to serious early season injuries, a broken shoulder, a broken leg, and an epidemic of charley-horses, we stumbled a bit at the take-off, but then caught our stride and stepped high, wide, and handsome the rest of the way to the end. We trampled Cornell in the Polo Grounds in New York City before a capacity crowd, then whizzed down to Philadelphia to rend Penn limb from limb, 47-7, on her home field.

We closed our careers with a football feat that still stands intact as a record. We defeated Brown in Boston one November Saturday, and piled on the cars immediately after the game to rattle entirely across the continent and decisively defeat the University of Washington in Seattle the following Saturday afternoon.

Two decisive victories in seven days, one within rifle shot of the Atlantic—the other at the very lip of the Pacific, was a finale grand enough and fitting enough to close any man's football career.

The next June we graduated almost in a body, five of us adorned with All-America ratings by the wizards who hazard such guesses.

Dartmouth today plays Harvard and Yale. She is riding on a wave of popularity and prosperity such as she's never before known in her century and a half. Perhaps football success had nothing to do with it, but it seems significant that after the 1919 season the freshman waiting list jumped from a few hundred to five thousand for the available six hundred places, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Turn This National Menace into Big Quick Cash

La Barr, a Minnesota man, made $131 in one day.

Here is an opportunity for ambitious men—a chance to clean up big, quick profits. An amazing invention, which at last really solves a great national menace, makes this possible. Men already in the field are making $100 to $250 a week. There is plenty of room for more. And besides free territory you get free training, a free selling outfit and a free automobile if you are a producer.

500 Quarts OF FIRE GAS from One Quart of Liquid

No wonder salesmen, agents, spare time workers make $75 to $250 a week

500 QUARTS of live fire gas from one quart of liquid—that is what an amazing new invention produces by simply turning a valve. It is called a Weldon Fire Gun because you can direct this fire-banishing gas on a spot no bigger than a quarter. You can stand 25 feet away from a fire and cover it with a fine spray that turns into dense gas so effective that even celluloid, kerosene, gasoline and other kinds of fire are quickly blanketed.

Not An Old-Fashioned Fire Extinguisher

Think of the possibilities for selling such a device in homes, factories, garages, schools, hospitals, and other business institutions. Here is a quick protection against the great menace of fire which everyone fears, and it means quick cash for the man who demonstrates it. A fifteen-minute demonstration often makes a sale which runs into $50.00 profit. Business men often buy one dozen or more guns.

Cheaper, Faster, Bigger Commission

This wonderful new gun which makes old-fashioned fire extinguishers with their pumps and complicated machinery out of date, nevertheless sells cheaper — and consequently faster — and this means bigger profits to salesmen. Read testimonials on this page. They are just a few samples taken from hundreds. Is there any reason why you, too, cannot make from $100 up in full time or $50 to $75 a week in spare time?

$592 in One Month

That was the record of Mr. F. A. Butters, Miami, Florida. From January 12th to February 12th Mr. Butters sold enough guns to give him a net profit of $592.

$1,140.10 in 4 Months

This is the record of Mr. G. A. McPhail, a Weldon representative selling in Canada.

$62.70 in One Day

Mr. L. J. Clement made $62.70 in one day selling in two small towns. In another New Hampshire town he made $87.00 in three days.

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Get in on this new opportunity to make real money. Do you want to own an automobile? Do you want to buy a home? Let us tell you how you can do it in spare time. Do you want to have an income of from $5,000 to $10,000 a year? Then mail the coupon for full details of the wonderful selling plan that makes it easy for you to have such an income. Simply mail the coupon at once for full details of our free territory and free selling outfit. Act now.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

has hovered close to that mark ever since. No general educational wave swept the country that year. Something must have been responsible.

And as for us of the battle line, five commencements have passed now, and so far as I know, we're all doing right well for young fellows. Through our Dartmouth connections of one sort and another we all stepped forth into fairly good jobs. A few of us went back to the sections we came from, but most of us stayed in the East.

Some of us are still coaching as a side line, a few of us officiate in the fall of the year, but the majority of us have severed all connections with the game to build toward our futures in business.

And a point that may interest you is that most of us seem to have real futures to build toward, whereas, perhaps, but for the forces that steered us toward college, we'd be working for eighteen dollars a week in the old corner grocery back home. Those of us with the stuff would have emerged eventually, of course. I'm not so blind as to believe that college guarantees success, but the point is that the painful emerging process was automatically taken care of by —well—football, to be brutally frank.

AND we were no exceptions; the same truth holds for most football players of most well-known teams. Proselyting or no proselyting, there's a vast regiment of brilliant manhood scattered broadcast through the professions and business who owe much of their beginnings to some frosty grid-iron and the heroic deeds of some long-forgotten Saturdays.

Last Christmas I walked again into the office of Edgar A. De Witt. The Dartmouth prints still adorned the walls. I knew what they were by this time.

"I've come to pay back that scholarship money," I told him. "It's the one smallest part that I can pay back. I've always considered it a personal loan and I consider it a debt of honor."

He didn't say anything for a moment or two. He just smiled at me kindly and, I'd like to think, proudly. While I was wondering earnestly if angels wear trousers and smoke long brown cigars, he spoke slowly and softly.

"You don't owe me a cent, Will," he said. "Only this—when you get farther along and better able to afford it, just take, for my sake, some other boy and give him the same chance that I was so happy to be able to give to you."

Here's public notice, profound Presidents' Pacts notwithstanding, that if such a transaction can be called proselyting, I am going to be deliberately guilty as many times in the future as I possibly can.

THE END

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The Scientific Secret of Caruso's
Amazing Vocal Power

A post mortem of Caruso's throat showed superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle — again proving the soundness of Eugene Feuchtinger's theories of voice production.

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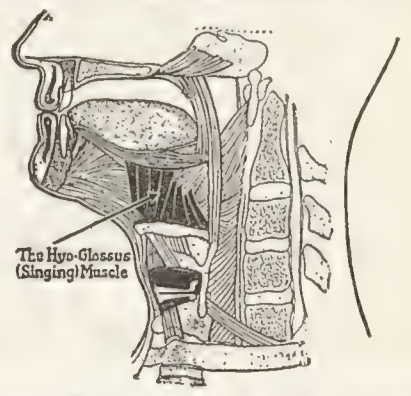

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WHETHER YOUR VOICE IS strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, you can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if your Hyo-Glossus Muscle is developed by correct training.

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.....*Age*.....

Deputy Sheriff Wins Liberty's Weekly

$1,000 *for* Bravery

Reward and Gold Medal Given Illinois Man Who Fought Four Bank Robbers and Captured Them Single-Handed

Zahn Photo

Joseph Shrader, deputy sheriff, St. Clair County, Illinois, whose daring capture of four bank robbers won for him Liberty's second $1,000 reward for bravery.

FOLKS, meet the man who wins the second of Liberty's weekly $1,000 rewards for bravery—Mr. Joseph Shrader, deputy sheriff of St. Clair County, Illinois, whose modest countenance surveys you from this page. Shrader's cool courage in shooting it out with four desperate bank robbers and capturing them is described herewith. In recognition of his heroism he will receive $1,000 in cash and a gold medal inscribed "For Bravery."

Liberty is offering the same reward EACH WEEK for the most courageous deed that comes to its attention. If you know of anyone who has performed an act of bravery, write a letter to Liberty about it. Give names, addresses, dates, and places, and tell what occurred. If you do not know all the facts, write anyway. Liberty will send its representatives anywhere to check up the case and supply missing data.

To the person who informs Liberty of the winning deed each week, Liberty will pay $100 in cash. This, of course, is in addition to the $1,000 reward and the gold medal which go to the person or persons who performed the deed. If more than one person writes about the same deed the $100 will be paid to the one who sends the best letter.

The offer is open to every resident of the United States and Canada, and the deed for which the reward is given may have been performed anywhere in the world. If the act of heroism was performed by more than one person, and Liberty so determines, the money will be divided equally among the winners. If the winner shall have given his life in the performance of the deed, Liberty reserves the right to pay the money to the widow, the children, or any other beneficiary who, in its judgment, may deserve it.

Each week the names of winners will be published in Liberty, together with stories of the winning exploits.

All letters should be addressed "Heroes," care of Liberty, Postoffice Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois. For the information concerning this week's hero $100 will be paid to M. A. Graettinger, secretary of the Illinois Bankers' Association, 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

Next Week—*Another $1,000 Hero*—Who Will It Be?

WHEN a certain lieutenant of police named Joseph Shrader—formerly a street car conductor—was ousted from the police force of East St. Louis, Illinois, a couple of years ago following a change of municipal administration, he did not hire a hall to tell his grievances. Instead, he hired a small office, went into business as a private detective, became a special officer for the bankers' associations of three counties—and today is famous in banking circles as the man who has made bank robbing in southern Illinois a hazardous occupation.

His score at the end of two years' experience as a detective for the bankers' associations (his official title is deputy sheriff of St. Clair County) stands at twenty-three bank robbers sent to the penitentiary, thirteen of them on confessions and the other ten on evidence supplied by Shrader, and nine more in jail awaiting trial.

The most spectacular among the achievements of this former street car conductor took place last August, when he laid a trap for four young desperadoes who had set out to rob the State Bank of Venice, Illinois, and jailed them all after a running battle in the street. During the fight forty-four bullets from Shrader's rifle riddled the bandits' automobile and one of the desperadoes was wounded.

Later it developed that in capturing these bandits Shrader not only had averted the robbery of the Venice bank but also had frustrated a raid on one of the largest trust companies in St. Louis, Missouri—a job scheduled for the following week, and confidently expected by the bandits to net around half a million.

Before Shrader's remarkable coup, the Venice bank had been held up twice within a period of forty-five days. On July 7, 1924, five men dropped into the bank at noon with shotguns and automatics, and departed with $9,907. On August 22, 1924, four more armed callers appeared at 9:45 A. M. and got away with $5,887. Whereupon the bankers called up Shrader and asked him to do his best to prevent any further depredations; the insurance companies were beginning to complain.

So Shrader made a canvass of his "stool pigeons." He maintains a remarkably comprehensive rookery of these melancholy birds as a result of his experiences on the police force. And he got results. One of his "pigeons" reported that the good old Venice bank was scheduled for another robbery on August 24, 1925, by a quartet of youngsters who, out on bail on another charge, needed some change to square their bondsman and also to "arrange" for an acquittal when their case came up.

The gang had set the date of the robbery for August 24, the "pigeon" reported, because they had learned that on that day the bank would receive $15,000 cash by express from East St. Louis for the pay roll of the Terminal Railroad Association employees at Venice. They had learned that I. H. Riley, cashier of the bank, and George Cook, messenger, would be at the railway station to receive this $15,000 package and carry it by automobile to the bank; and they meant to intercept Riley and Cook, kill both of them if necessary, and "cop the roll."

Shrader immediately notified Cashier Riley of the pleasant party in store for him and asked if he was willing to go through with it. Riley was game. He said he would.

"But don't resist them," said Shrader. "Let them have the dough. These birds are said to be bad clear through; and I'd hate to see you get killed."

"So would I," said Riley. "I'll do whatever you tell me to do."

Thus, on the morning of August 24, Cashier Riley and Messenger Cook were at the depot in Venice and were handed the $15,000 package. They placed it in their car and started for the bank.

They had gone about half way when abruptly a touring car came plunging from a side street, bearing straight for Riley's car. Forced to the curb, Riley had to stop.

The car that had nearly wrecked him contained four unusual passengers. All were masked with handkerchiefs and all were flourishing automatic pistols.

"Stick 'em up!" they shouted to Riley. "Hand over the dough; then turn around and beat it back to where you came from!"

Riley promptly stuck 'em up and handed over the dough. And

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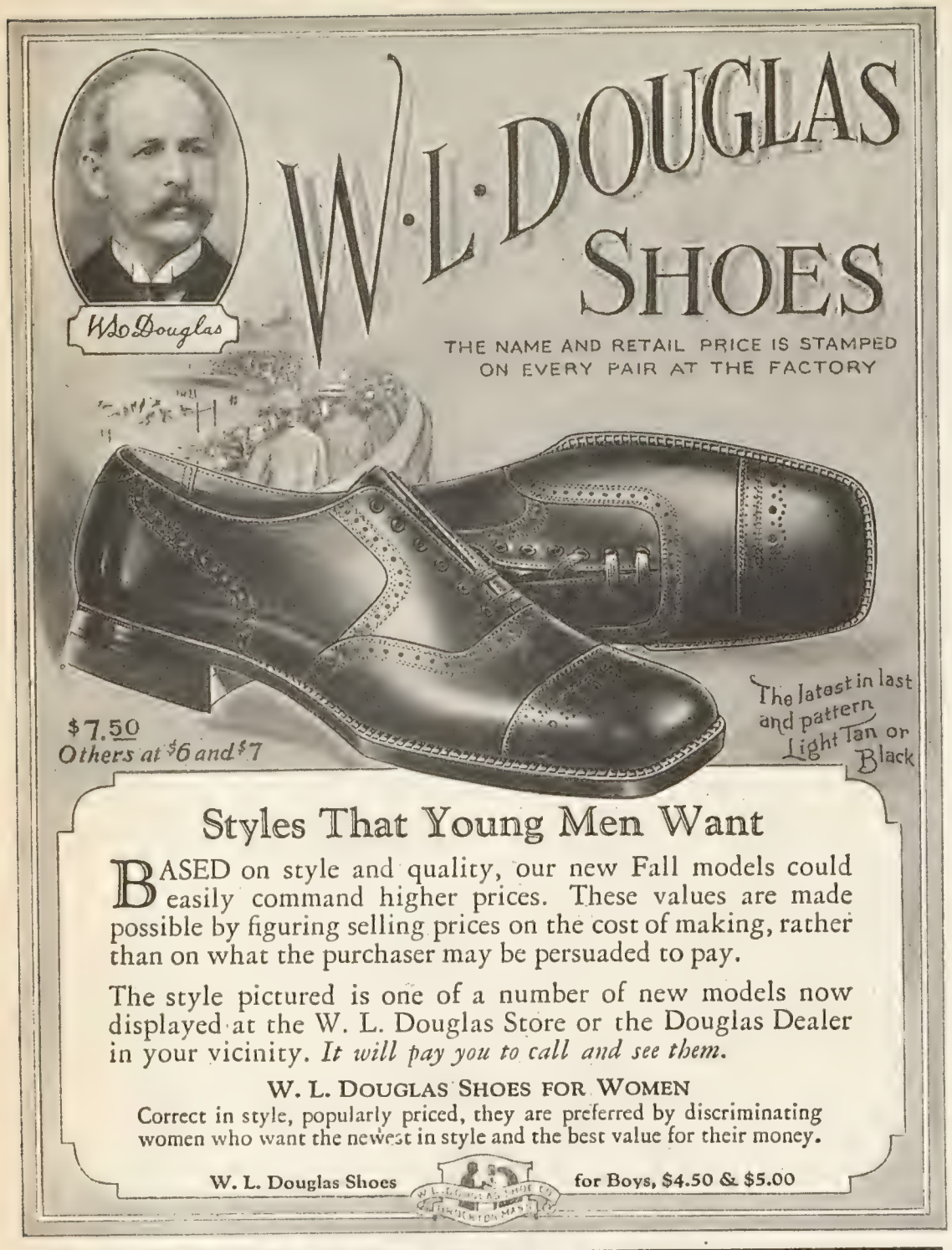
Shrader pumped his rifle straight into the quartet of bandits.



Styles That Young Men Want

BASED on style and quality, our new Fall models could easily command higher prices. These values are made possible by figuring selling prices on the cost of making, rather than on what the purchaser may be persuaded to pay.

The style pictured is one of a number of new models now displayed at the W. L. Douglas Store or the Douglas Dealer in your vicinity. *It will pay you to call and see them.*

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES FOR WOMEN

Correct in style, popularly priced, they are preferred by discriminating women who want the newest in style and the best value for their money.

W. L. Douglas Shoes for Boys, $4.50 & $5.00

CANDY DAY SPECIAL at your Rexall DRUG STORE

CANDY Day is October 10th. Buy HOMEMAID ASSORTED CHOCOLATES, the famous family gift package. Delicious bonbons, nougatines, caramels, creams—smothered in smooth rich chocolate. Some pieces nut-centered, some nut-crested, every piece a favorite. A 2½-pound box of HOMEMAID ASSORTED CHOCOLATES is only 99 cents. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

"There is one near you"

THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY, BOSTON

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

the bandits, considering their day's work practically over, cast the package carelessly into their car, threw her into "high," and set out for East St. Louis.

But here a third auto, which had been leisurely trailing the unfortunate cashier, swung into the party. This car leaped into pursuit of the bandits. It contained Deputy Sheriff Joe Shrader and a chauffeur; it was making fifty-five miles an hour, and Shrader was shooting as fast as he could pump his automatic rifle.

The startled bandits returned the fire, and the running battle continued at terrific speed through the main streets of Venice, with the astonished citizenry making for whatever cover they could find.

A bullet from Shrader's rifle struck the youth at the wheel of the bandits' car. The auto swerved, went into the curb, and stopped, with two wheels wrecked. The bandits piled out into the street with their automatics in their hands.

Shrader also brought his car to a stop. He leaped out, plunged across the street, took refuge behind a telephone pole, and pumped his rifle straight into the huddled quartet of bank bandits.

IT was too one-sided to suit the robbers—only four against one. They threw away their automatics, uplifted their hands, and begged for mercy. Shrader loaded them into his car, took them to Edwardsville, Illinois, and locked them up. He predicts they'll get an eventful trial, for he asserts they are members of an organized gang whose depredations have covered four or five States, and whose crimes have ranged from bank stickups to murder.

And of this gang of desperate crooks captured by Shrader the oldest is twenty-one and the youngest is seventeen!

"Smart, too," says Shrader. "But in this particular case I guess they were outsmarted. Even if they had gotten away with this job, they'd have been disagreeably surprised when they examined their loot. For it was only a decoy package of tissue paper—wasn't even a dollar bill in the lot. I arranged that the day before. The real $15,000 package arrived in Venice on another train an hour after the stickup. I reckon you'd better not say anything about that to Riley. He might be sore if he knew I made him risk his life for a lot of tissue paper."

But Riley isn't sore. He thinks Shrader is the greatest thief catcher in the Middle West today.

Another $1,000 Reward

and Story of the Winning Exploit —in Next Week's Liberty.

GREGORY

JIFFY-DINE

"Convertible in a Jiffy."

—note, please, what Helen Broyles has to say about it:

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Public:

Are you a sufficient connoisseur of art or its related departments to appreciate the newest development in home furnishings? Then I want to tell you all about the new Jiffy-Dine — a combination library and dining table. You just pull a knob—up rises the top—pull out leaves from both sides—push the knob which drops the top, and you are ready to dine!

Pull knob to lift top

Never before in the history of furniture has there been such a worth-while time-saving device. The Jiffy-Dine fits beautifully into the furnishings of the small apartment or bungalow—serves its dual purpose, and adds to the home that so greatly desired individual touch in home furnishings.

Draw out leaves

Perhaps yours is a nestling white cottage on a quiet, secluded street—or perhaps it is a smart downtown apartment, or even a picturesque country home. In this home you want beauty—you have a desire to make it a delightful, heart-pleasing place. In such homes the Jiffy-Dine has a place all its own. Day after day you find it a charming decorative table. Then, when another service is required of it—it is ready at the moment's need. Your friends see it as a library table—and think it lovely. When your guests dine with you, they find it serving its two purposes admirably. You'll be surprised to know that this dignified little library table will easily seat eight people!

Push knob to drop top

The coupon, if you will kindly fill it in and mail to the manufacturer, will bring you a style folder and detailed particulars.

Cordially,
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GREGORY FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO.
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Gentlemen: I shall appreciate a copy of your folder illustrating the various styles of the Gregory "Jiffy-Dine."

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Furniture Dealer.....

A Powerful Serial of Conflict—and the Love Affairs of an Ambitious Woman

GOOD intentions welled up in Caria. She would lead a changed life. "I appreciate the warning," she said, hastily, "and in the future I'm going to do very much better."

CARIA

By Horatio Winslow

Pictures by FRANCES ROGERS

WHO'S WHO IN THE FOURTH INSTALLMENT

CARIA, *a beautiful co-ed, has, in the brief space of one year, risen from obscurity to the enviable position of being the most popular girl on the campus of the University of Wisconsin. She owes her membership in the Epsilon sorority to the efforts of*

HUNGRY HOOPER, *the college poet, now merely an abandoned rung in the ladder of her success. Chief among Caria's admirers is*

WILLET GAMM, *rich and handsome, a member of the Lambda fraternity and one of the most popular men at college. He is madly in love with Caria—asks her to wear his pin and invites her to Senior Prom. But Caria, who is carefully looking around for even bigger game, refuses both offers, thereby increasing Willet's ardor. While pursuing her conquests, Caria rooms at the Epsilon house with*

LEONORE, *known as "the sweet girl from Evanston"—being rich and unattractive.*

CARIA AND WILLET.

The silent night, the silky night
(Scissored by arcs on Langdon Street
That hiss and flash their steely light
On life and love and Langdon Street),
The silent night, the friendly light,
That knows how life and love are fleet,
Winks kindly at the pleasant plight
Of those who walk on Langdon Street—
Walk two and two on Langdon Street—
On Langdon Street—
On Langdon Street—

CO-ED LYRICS.

"NOW, Willet, you stop."

"Listen; Caria, I didn't mean anything, and you know it. You—well, you looked good, and I reached over and kissed you."

"You had no business doing it. You were insulting. It shows you haven't the proper respect for me."

"Listen, Caria: I wasn't insulting, and you know it. You're the biggest thing in my life."

(They make up.)

"Say, Caria. Afterward we're going to live *right*."

"Of course, Willet."

"This darned university spoils everything. Nobody can have any fun here. Now in Chicago——"

"Are you going to live in Chicago?"

"Say 'we.'"

"I won't."

"Yes, you will."

. . . "All right, then, if you want to make such a fuss about it. Are we going to live in Chicago?"

"I'll say we are *not*. It isn't big enough for us. There's only one city in the world, and that's little old New York."

"I suppose it's wonderful."

"You can bet it is. I've been there twice. And I could get a good job in New York just for the asking: a business friend of my father's would fix it up for me. But that's nothing. Listen, Caria: the day I graduate the old man's going to start me out in business for myself—fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand! Really?"

"Yup . . . that is, fifty thousand in round numbers. And you know, Caria, the money today isn't in being a lawyer or an engineer, or anything like that; it's in managing things—buying and selling—commerce. Take Emmo Shane and Suds Hyler; they're good scouts, but when I get started, if I want a lawyer I bet I can hire Emmo for thirty-five dollars a week and he'll be glad to take it; and if I want an engineer I can get Suds for the same price—or less. And with my capital, if I can't make five thousand a year right from the start, then I'm a dummy. When we get to New York——"

"Won't it be wonderful? . . . Oh, Willet, won't it be gorge . . ."

"Gorge is the word."

. . . "Now, Willet, you stop."

Caria had gone slowly with Willet. November of her Sophomore year was well on its way before she accepted his invitation to Prom; and December had come and gone before she condescended to wear his Lambda pin. Even then it was only with the provision that "it mustn't mean anything." Carefully concealed, the little golden triangle decorated her corset-cover. After the Prom they were practically engaged.

Yet though Willet was the captive of her bow and spear he had become conquering as well as conquered. Caria admired him; as Willet was she longed to be, and, in spite of her infinitesimal allowance, she was. She adopted his exclusiveness and his elegance. And, as the young gentlemen copied Willet, the young ladies began to copy Caria.

Thus these two took possession of their kingdom as befits-royal blood.

When learning could spare them, which was most of the time, they went on larks. They laughed, sniggered, or giggled, according to circumstances—thus fulfilling their royal destiny, which was to be amused.

BY 9 A. M. of The Day every Freshman entitled to wear the golden triangle of Lambda Lambda Lambda was on his knees, though not in prayer. Over them, surveying, approving, chiding, rose the majestic form of Willet Gamm. It was the morning of the evening of the Lambda Formal.

The Epsilon Formals were necessary but painful functions organized for the purpose of

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paying off social debts; the Lambda Formals were something else again.

As chairman of the social committee, Brother Gamm engineered this one from its troubled beginnings to its triumphant end. Those who said that Willet never did a hand's turn should have seen him at work on the preparations. Since the parlors of the Lambda House were too limited the hall over the Pall was engaged and transformed into a garden of golden chrysanthemums. Yellow was one of the Lambda colors, and also it was one of Caria's. It set her off.

Slowly, grudgingly, the hours of the day vanished into Time Past, giving place to the unpunctual night and the Lambda Lambda Lambda Formal.

The event was—but why try to put into words that which would have baffled the descriptive pen of Sir Walter Scott or the editor of the society column of the local newspaper?

Statistically speaking, there were present twenty-seven active Lambdas, three stag, and two married alumni. For these were provided twenty and five girls, including imported royalty from Appleton and La Crosse. Thus during every dance one-fourth of the males might retire and smoke—a proportion unbeatable.

Nine o'clock had sounded (Willet was wearing a new dress suit that had left O. & V.'s head cutter in a state of ecstatic exhaustion; Caria her Prom gown, reshaped and looking like a daily hint from Paris) when the Milwaukee orchestra struck up.

The orchestra had been instructed to give no encores except at Willet's signal, and, as Willet had appropriated all the two-steps and half the waltzes, it had been correctly predicted that all the two-steps and half the waltzes would be encored.

AT quarter-past eleven supper was served, and at twelve exactly the impatient dancers charged back again upon the floor.

And—*blink!*—the lights went out. But the surprised "ohs" became murmurs of admiration when it was observed that the end of the hall sparkled with a great Lambda pin. Yellow lights were its background, and in the ruby-hearted center glittered the likeness of a great white diamond.

And at once the orchestra attacked the Lambda Lambda Lambda Two-step composed by Brother Sanderson, Syracuse, '97, and very bad. But the chapter withstood the blow nobly; indeed, toward the end a shamed chorus sang down into its collars.

Then the Milwaukee orchestra, having reached the extreme limit of human endurance, broke into another rhythm—this time a real one, in the composition of which Brother Sanderson had had no part. How they roared out the words, not into their collars this time, but with heads back—through the ceiling to the stars:

Shine, lit-tul glow-worm,
Twink-ul! Twink-ul!
Shine, lit-tul glow-worm,
Twink-ul! Twink-ul!

And presently, as though carried away by the chorus, the pin itself annotated the pæan, flashing and snuffing out in happy imitation of the song's protagonist. The orchestra twinkled; the pin twinkled; youth twinkled—youth so soon to flare up and then go out forever.

For a flickering second the dancers sensed the significance of that youth which comes and vanishes in its coming; of life itself, reveling its little moment in the clay hut; of the audacious earth spinning so insouciantly over the abyss.

Shine, lit-tul glow-worm,
Twink-ul! Twink-ul!

Twinkle, indeed (thought the two married alumni); twinkle and let your light beam in a merry rhythm, for the night without is exceeding dark.

II.

IN Main Hall the odor of ink and paper mingled with exotic scents; the clump of masculine shoes with the swish of skirts. To and through the window mounted the languors of late spring.

"Oh, Caria, you poor dear."

"Why, Leonore, what's the matter?"

Willet flared. "Yes, when I had money, then I was all right."

"Isn't it just terrible, Caria!"

"What?"

"What? Haven't you heard? Why, I thought you knew. I'm so sorry. Poor Willet."

Caria's heart gave a couple of extra thumps. Willet had been more than a little concerned about a certain course in economics. Had the faculty shown its claws?

"Of course, it really doesn't matter so much because in a couple of weeks he'll graduate. But——"

In masterly fashion Caria controlled her curiosity so well that the sweet girl from Evanston was forced to continue without the encouragement of another question.

"It's in the *Democrat* this morning, telegraphed from Chicago; I saw it before I left

"You don't understand, Willet," she said. "You don't understand."

the house. Of course, Willet's told you about his father's real estate company in Chicago. . . . Well, it doesn't seem to have turned out at all."

Caria side-stepped a rendezvous with English literature to run down the nearest copy of the morning paper. She found one in the library, with the bad news decorating the front page.

Like many medical gentlemen, Willet's father had fancied himself as a business man. Following a half dozen profitable flutters and flights, Doctor Gamm had staked his all and much more on the development of a model townsite. On paper the scheme was impeccable; put into action, it had permitted the good doctor's partners to decamp with the spoils and to leave him "holding the bag." Not only were there threats of criminal prosecution, but he had been genuinely stripped as clean as a whistle. Assets—zero.

Crumpling the paper in her hands, Caria stared unseeing, and tried to think. . . .

She dropped the paper and shook her head slowly. . . . No.

She liked Willet. She liked him more than she could imagine liking anybody else. But also she knew what she wanted out of life, and it wasn't long, tiresome beginnings; years and beauty spent in a cheap flat while Willet traveled the country trying to sell safety razors. . . . No. . . . Definitely no. To marry a poor man was a luxury not for Caria.

Worse: she must break the sad news to Willet, and in person.

Poor Willet!

While Caria lived with her tragedy, Willet, in a flying trip to Chicago, sounded the situation.

Honor was safe: there was to be no criminal prosecution. But Doctor Gamm himself, bedded by the nervous shock, was a man unquestionably finished.

Willet's generous allowance, his heritage, his father's influential business connections, were done with forever. On graduating Willet would have to scramble for himself. Thus to marry a penniless young person was a luxury not for him. He must go back to his old ideas and find an heiress.

Worse, the sad news must be broken personally to Caria.

Poor Caria!

IT was June, and very early of a June morning. On both sides the sad news was still a secret.

At five-thirty Willet had come outside the Epsilon House, and at five-forty-five Caria, awake, or almost, and very rosy and charming, had hurried down the front steps.

It was the custom in that age for such as must see each other more than three or four times daily to add to the conventional moments an early promenade through the university woods. So Caria and Willet.

It was a beautiful morning, a living hymn to the Creator. Through the trees the lake was blue and silver and rippleless; the pearly sky iridescent with sun; the trees green and full of melody. It was more than a living hymn: it was an improvisation—a Spring Song—by the Creator Himself.

Below the observatory Caria and Willet spied a little group piking about and peering through opera glasses: the Bird Club. These they avoided, and also a pair who, like themselves, were flitting through the wood, shadow-like.

Shadows . . . thought Caria . . . shadows. . . . What were those lines running through her head?

Light shadows laugh among the trees—
Ghosts of the girls of long ago.

Shadows . . . ghosts . . . and was that the vapory end of all spring beauty? Her heart ached for those Girls of Long Ago. Slim and graceful, white fingers beckoning, they had passed through the dawns of other Junes —passed never to return.

Frumps with babies, uncouth creatures, showed themselves at commencement, and, shrilly cachinnating, pretended to be that same Youth which had danced and vanished: the same, only a little older. But they were not. That Youth was dead. Rested only the light shadows laughing among the trees—ghosts of the girls of long ago.

She saw now what Hungry Hooper had meant. The best of it—they'd had all the best of it—the beginnings. The love that is without satiety. The play-love of courtship. The love that expires with its gratification.

And it had been beautiful.

Caria liked Willet. She liked him more than she could imagine liking anybody else. But she had taken it for granted that his affection for her was an affair infinitely more solid and enduring. Also, she had naively felt that though the world ran with Willets, where could he possibly find another Caria?

And yet at that moment he was striving with the incredible decision (and she knew it), "Too bad, but we've got to split. No way out. Might as well break it now as ever. Poor girl."

Once or twice Caria had tried to imagine

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such a conclusion, but it had seemed so openly absurd that she had been unable to consider it seriously. And now, behold! the impossible was about to bloom into an accomplished fact.

She set her teeth together. What! He would turn his back on her; leave her; walk away placidly and unrankled? Not if Caria knew it.

"Oh, Willet, please."

"What is it, Caria?"

"I—I've something to tell you."

She fumbled inside her dress and pulled out a tiny golden triangle which sparkled in her palm.

"Why—why, what's the matter, Caria?"

"Please don't ask me, Willet."

"But——"

"I—I'm sorry, Willet; I'm awfully sorry. Really I am."

"But I gave you that. It's yours."

"I'm sorry, Willet, but I can never wear it again. Please take it."

A MINUTE before Willet had been absorbed in bringing about the same result. He had wasted many thoughtful hours in plans to attain this end without too much anguish on either side. But now, when he perceived that the lady was forestalling him, he saw that all was not right with the world.

"But, Caria—you know—why, you can't do this."

His early intent had been blotted out by the revelation that he wanted Caria—that she was more important to him than anything else in the world.

"I'm sorry," said Caria firmly. "I hope we shall always be friends—very good friends."

On receipt of this traditional wish Willet gritted his teeth and stared at nature's beauty about him. Then he flared.

"Yes, when I had money, then I was all right. But when the old man gets in wrong, then I'm not good enough to go around with."

There was so much truth in this, even though admixed with error, that Caria could not reply. She took refuge in woman's oldest counter. "You don't understand, Willet," she said in a low, dignified voice. "You don't understand."

To which Willet replied in varying forms, "Oh, I don't understand, huh? Oh, that's it, is it? I suppose I'm a dummy, huh?"

But his retorts were only too inadequate. This he realized not only during the long and painful progress to the Epsilon House, but later when, more than once, sleeplessness drove him to the composition of letters to Caria. They were long and brilliant, and stung like scorpions; but somehow they never found their way to paper.

Caria cried herself to sleep.

In the case of Willet the occasion was too deep for tears. Till

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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half-past three the next morning Willet paced the more melancholy streets of Madison, Wisconsin, repeating, "All I wanted was a square deal—get me? That's all I wanted. Just a square deal. I was always fair and square—wasn't I? Wasn't I? Well, then, all I wanted was a square deal—get me?"

In less than a week he had become a convinced pessimist, expressing sentiments the most extreme in the matter of the higher education. In Willet's opinion the university and everything and everybody connected with it was "a farce."

Proclaiming these heretical views Willet finished his sojourn in learning's halls; and, as though to despite him and show him his place, coats for college men went up another inch.

They could hardly be called coats now: a modest organ grinder's monkey would have worn one only under protest.

III.

MECHANICALLY Caria made talk with the kindergarten while her intelligence centered on the tragedy lowering in the middle distance. She was only half aware of the sweet girl from Evanston who romped down the stairway to gobble up the mail.

"Hello, Fensie. Oh, Caria, dear, I've got the duckiest surprise for you. It's simply gorge. And I won't let you have your letter till I tell you all about it."

By pounces and jumps she frolicked back to the upper regions of the Epsilon House.

The kindergarten resumed its conversation.

"You know I like to talk to you, Caria."

"Do you, Fensie? Well, I like to talk to you."

"Isn't that great?" (Pause.) "That's why we have so much fun talking to each other." (Pause.) "Say, Caria, why do all you Epsilons always call me 'Fensie'?"

Caria did some quick thinking. "Why, one of the girls heard that you were a good fencer."

The brow wrinkled in laborious thought. "Yes, I did take some fencing lessons once, but I didn't suppose anybody here had ever heard about it."

His real name was Caleb T. Farness, and he hailed from New York City. It was an observant Epsilon who had christened him "Present But Inoffensive." Caria had captured him at the summer session, a scholastic discipline which she had undergone as the result of too many good times in her Sophomore year. She regarded him in the light of a consolation prize, for that summer session had junked an authentic invitation to Bar Harbor.

"You know, Caria, I didn't

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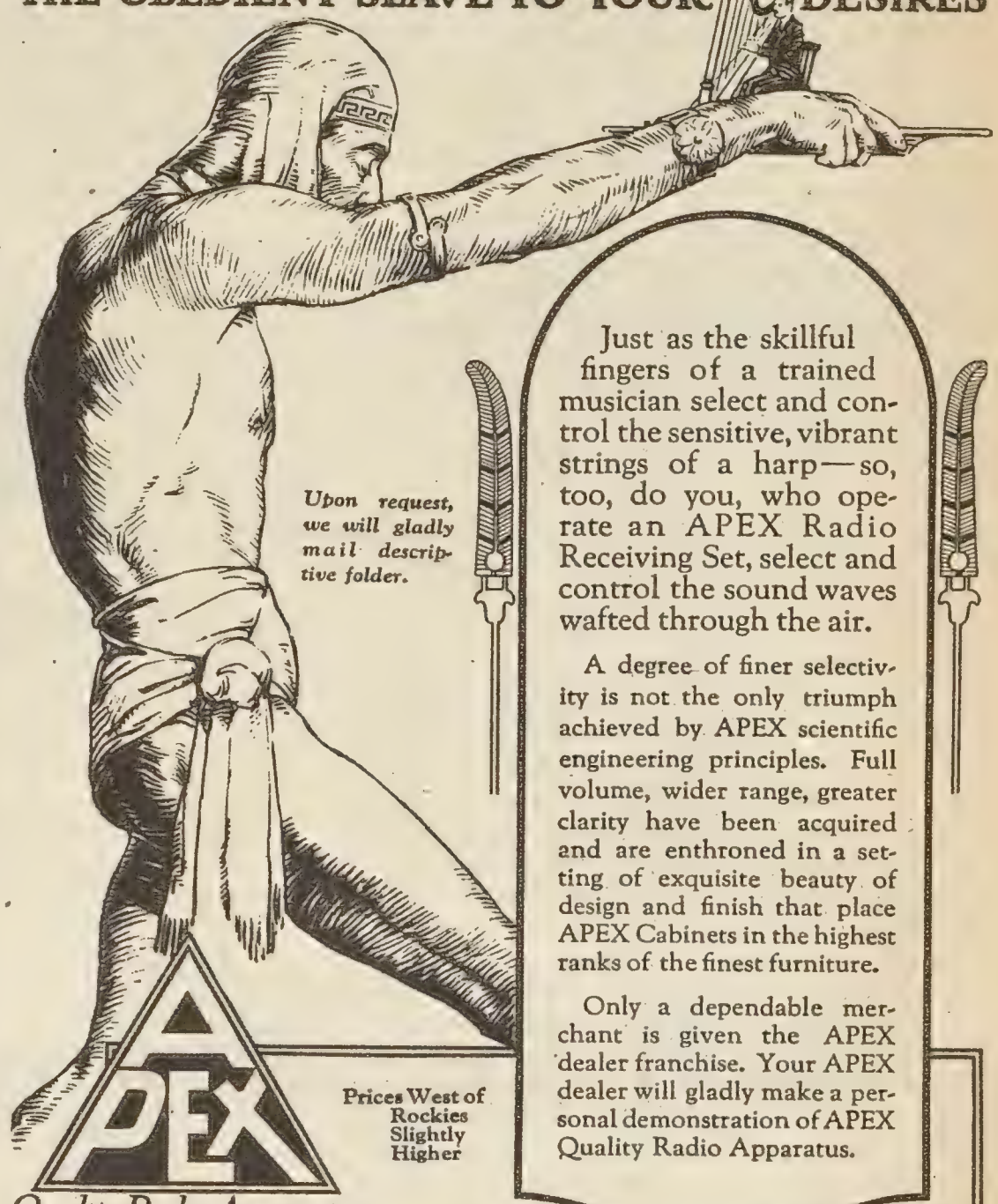

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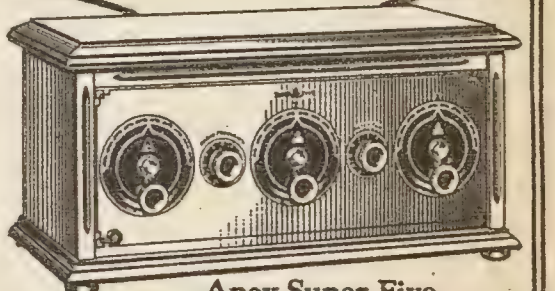

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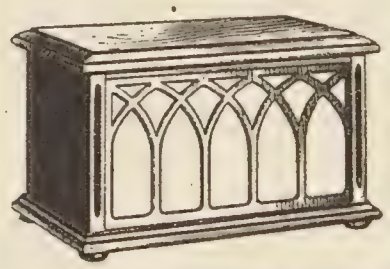

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meet you just by accident this morning."

"Didn't you, Fensie?"

"No." A beam of triumph. "I knew that Saturdays you had an eight-o'clock at Science Hall, so I went around and waited."

"That was very nice of you, Fensie."

"I wish I had more chances to talk to you, Caria. Say, Caria, which do you like best—plain chocolates or bittersweets? . . . Say, Caria, you haven't forgotten our Rho dinner-dance tonight?"

"I should say I haven't, Fensie."

"Well, I'll have the carriage around at half-past six. . . . Say, Caria, I suppose we won't have a good time together at the Prom—oh, no."

It was a half hour later before Fensie could be persuaded to betake himself out into the fresh December morning. Caria sighed with relief.

And yet Fensie the Simple was the Golden Little Boy so long sought and at last a reality. A grandmother, rumor declared, had left him money, a hundred thousand or something like that, to be his on his twenty-first birthday. Rumor also said that his parents, about to tour the Orient, had bottled Fensie up at the University of Wisconsin, naively of the opinion that in that backwoods he would be free from the wiles of designing young ladies.

And now he was Caria's: boots, baggage, and immortal soul—if present.

Caria frowned and shook her head. For at last Caria was appreciating Willet at his full value.

He had been more than a Grand Old Scout: he had been a Blood-brother; and now he was lost in the azure distance. The Lambdas declared that Willet was Out West selling drug supplies and making Big Money. The Rhos retorted that, incredible as it might seem, Willet's trousers were fringing, and that in Topeka, Kansas, he had touched Chuck Bagby for five honest Rho dollars and had never paid them back.

Heigho. . . . Willet and Time Past were definitely finished and Time to Come was menacing with shadows.

"Hurry up, Caria. I can't wait to tell you. And you've got a letter."

CARIA turned to the stairway; then halted on the first step. That letter! . . . Well, one consolation: if tragedy were indeed lowering, there was Fensie; there would always be Fensie.

It was not the rowing of a class adviser which had brought fear to Caria. Conscious that barks are always worse than bites, she had merely smiled at the threat of an interview with the redoubtable Dean of the College of Letters and Sciences.

The danger, she knew, lurked otherwhere.

Following the summer session, Caria had paid a duty visit to West Waunette, where her father, in spite of brave words, had shown himself a man battered and broken. The doctor had talked to her confidentially of a throat operation with distressing discoveries by the operators.

The revelation had shown Caria that she cared more for the ailing man than she had supposed; but it had not altered the fact that mere daughterly affection was not the only thing at stake.

If her uninsured father's earning powers ceased, Caria's college career would collapse like Cinderella's coach. No Senior year: no degree. And that degree was essential because it was the pass-key to the Marriage Market. It meant more money as a wage-earner, and, backed up by the Epsilon pin, it gave a certain definite social standing to a girl who could boast neither wealth nor family nor social skill. She must get that degree.

IV.

CARIA opened the door. Address side down, a single unopened letter decorated the study table. With a sigh of genuine relief, Caria observed that it was not of the species favored by West Waunette.

"Caria, dear, *such* good news! You can't imagine." The sweet girl from Evanston romped about the room.

"I'm just dying to know, Leonore."

"Listen: papa's done so well this year that we're not going to Bar Harbor at all; so I can't invite you there for next summer."

Caria had the sensation of being hit on the head.

"Of course not, Leonore, if you're not going to be there."

"No—not Bar Harbor at all. We're going to—guess."

"I haven't the ghost of an idea."

The sweet girl from Evanston jumped up and down. "Europe, Caria! We're going abroad—to Europe—France—*Paris!*"

"!"

"Yes, *really.*"

"What luck!"

"And, Caria, dear, listen—*you're* to come along, too. . . . No, I'm not joking at all; cross my heart. It's papa's treat for you, and for me, too. Mamma has an old schoolmate who married a count, and who'll introduce us to everybody. Won't it be simply lollypollutious?"

The lowering heavens had opened. Caria knew well enough she was being asked on the established principle that a pretty girl is a good stalking-horse for a homely one; but that didn't matter. Europe . . . hotels and ocean liners filled with wealthy, susceptible males!

"Just think, Caria, of the dukes and things with red ribbons across their shirt fronts!" (In two seconds Fensie had receded farther into the distance than Willet himself.) "Oh, won't it be gorge—— Hurry, Caria, and look at your mail, and then we'll write and say you're coming. Here, take your letter. . . .

"Why, what's the matter, Caria? Bad news?"

"N—no; not exactly. Classwork. I have to see somebody—the Dean."

"Really—the Dean?"

"Little misunderstanding. I'm going to run along this morning and have it over."

Caria jammed her hat on her head with a vigor which showed she would tolerate no nonsense from the guiding destinies of the University of Wisconsin.

"I FEAR you're mistaken." From the other side of his desk the redoubtable Dean scrutinized Caria. He wore spectacles, but, unlike the professor of fiction, he neither twinkled nor beamed through them. He merely regarded, with scientific aloofness.

"Yes," he repeated, "I fear you're mistaken. Mr. Selby has just answered my letter: that paper was never turned in. It's true you attended the summer session and took a course in French, but you were not present at the examination. Why was that?"

Appealingly Caria turned her large eyes on the Dean of the College of Letters and Science. The gesture was unavailing. Instead of touching the Dean, it seemed to render him more belligerent.

"Shortly before the Thanksgiving recess, Doctor Perry, your class adviser, asked you to see him. You made an appointment by telephone and then failed to keep it."

"Grippe," said Caria, succinctly.

The Dean continued: "Doctor Perry made two more appointments; each time you broke them at the last minute. Why was that?"

Caria stammered: "Why—I—I was sorry. I telephoned Doctor Perry—I meant to come——"

"It was most unfortunate; not so much, perhaps, for Doctor Perry as for you. He wanted to warn you that unless your work changed immediately for the better there would be serious consequences. Your work has not so changed; your quizzes are unsatisfactory, and you have too many cuts in all your courses."

Good intentions welled up in Caria. She would lead a changed life. No more frivolity. Nothing but work.

"I appreciate the warning," she said hastily, "and in the future I'm going to do very much better. I'm not altogether responsible, I think, for——"

"Your good resolutions," interrupted the Dean, dryly, "do you great credit, but they come a little late. I have seen personally all your professors, and they tell me it is quite useless for you to present yourself at the examinations. I advise you to save time by withdrawing from the university at once."

Is Caria crushed by this blow, or does it stimulate her to further action? Action, with Caria, means CONQUEST! You'll get some big dramatic surprises when you read the fifth and concluding installment, in next week's Liberty.

High Priestess *of* Love

That's what those who knew her called Fernande, the lovely, troubling, good-bad woman of Liberty's new serial:

YOUNG MR. BOWEN

By W. B. Maxwell

With a glance, a lifting of the eyelids, Fernande could turn on, like a light, the power which draws and fascinates men. Strangest and most daring of all her relationships was that with Eric Bowen, a youth with no money and a vast ambition, fighting to win fame and fortune from the indifferent city of London. How Fernande shaped his destiny is told in this tumultuous story—the finest work of a master novelist. Your friends will be talking about Young Mr. Bowen. It's that kind of a serial. Don't miss the first installment

In Next Week's Liberty

Touching Up the Family Dinner *for* Company

By Ethel M. Somers

A pastry bag is as economical as it is dependable.

COMPANY menus are quite sensibly coming to be simple home dinners "dressed-up." Days of the involved twelve-course dinners are gone and now even the most formal dinners have only five or six courses. Entertaining company at dinner will cease to be an ordeal and become a joy when the housewife studies the simple art of garnishing; even the simplest dish gains interest when attractively garnished.

Delicious food may be ever so commonplace and uninviting if its setting is unattractive. On the other hand, overelaboration of garnishment produces a cluttered, confusing effect to be avoided. The æsthetic influence of our foods is always important. The festive board, though simple, becomes pungently appetizing. The successful company menu must be festive; it need not be elaborate.

Planked menus are an effective means; if well chosen and manipulated they are about the most effective in touching up a commonplace menu for the company dinner. Planked dinners can be planned in variety. A simple one may be made from the family dinner menu featured last week by planking the broiled steak, augmented with its dressing of mushroom sauce, surrounded by alternate groups of potato nests filled with buttered peas and carrots, and stuffed peppers or tomatoes. Browned lightly in the oven and set in its attractive metal frame with parsley garnishings, the meal, though not involved or expensive, is fit for a king and festive enough for even the most honored guest. Moreover, it is exceedingly easy to carve and serve—a whole meal service in one dish.

Completely garnished, except for the parsley and ready to serve piping hot from the oven, the unassisted hostess finds planked menus a further delight. She is free to sit down with her guests for she does not need to spend the time of the soup course en route between the kitchen and dining room with last-minute preparations. She is not only sharing her home with her guests but also her companionship which, after all, is real hospitality.

Even the amateur can serve the planked steak gracefully.

GARNISHING THE SOUP COURSE—The soup course may be most effectively garnished by using the varicolored vegetables cut in fanciful shapes with novelty vegetable knives or French cutters, which may be had in endless variety. To do this is but little more work than to dice the vegetables as directed in the recipe. Cut the peeled, washed vegetables in slices of appropriate thickness varying from one-eighth to one-half inch and cut out the desired shapes with the cutters. Knives may be purchased for cutting vegetables that will peel them in scallops, cut them in balls, curls, or ribbonlike units. These fancy varicolored units floating about in the clear soup are most attractive.

CURLED CELERY fringed and served on the side with olives or rosebud radishes further enhances the soup course. Curled celery is made by cutting the washed, scraped celery into two-inch lengths. Beginning at the outside of the stalks, cut parallel incisions one-third the length of the piece of celery at each end. Then cut the center if desired, at right angles to the cuts already made—this gives a maximum curling effect. Put the prepared celery into ice water and set in icebox until curled, which takes several hours. A slice or two of lemon added to the ice water will prevent discoloration if standing time is prolonged. One end only may be fringed if desired.

RADISH ROSEBUDS—Select globe (round) radishes, remove leaves but leave stems about one-half inch long. Remove root at tip end of the radish. Wash thoroughly. Cut six or eight incisions, dividing radish in pielike sectors, cutting from tip nearly to stem end. Using a thin bladed knife, cut thin layers, mainly skin, almost as far down as incisions previously made about the radish—six or eight will suffice to complete the circumference. Place in cold water in ice box for an hour to curl and open as petals of a flower.

PLANKING THE STEAK—Broil steak exactly as directed in last week's issue but start fifteen minutes early to permit necessary time for planking. Put the broiled steak in center of the meat plank. Alternate a potato nest filled with buttered peas and carrots and a stuffed pepper or tomato until whole circumference of plank is decorated except for spacings between the potato nests and stuffed peppers, which will later be filled with parsley. Artistic, symmetrical arrangement of design means a great deal in the planked dish. Avoid overcrowding as it gives only a hodge-podge effect. Brush tops of potato nests and steak with butter or dot with bits of butter to trickle down as the planked dinner browns in a moderate oven (350° F.) for ten to fifteen minutes. Remove plank to platter or metal rim, garnish with chilled parsley and serve hot.

MUSHROOM SAUCE may be poured over the steak or served from side. This may be touched up for variety by the addition of two teaspoons of Worcestershire sauce and two teaspoons of mushroom catsup or tablespoon of minced gherkins.

POTATO NESTS are made from the mashed potato recipe by doubling amount of butter used and increasing cream to three or four tablespoons. Whip potato mixture to a light fluff. Shape with spoon or squeeze through pastry bag into nestlike forms. Fill cavity with buttered peas and carrot mixture. Brown lightly in moderate oven (350° F.).

STUFFED PEPPERS may be made by filling six medium parboiled (by covering with boiling water and boiling five to ten minutes) peppers with stem end and seedy cores removed, with this force-meat: One-half cup corn, half cup bread crumbs, half cup ripe olives, chopped, and bound with one-half beaten egg or one-fourth cup white sauce.

STUFFED TOMATOES may be used in place of peppers. These afford a variety of possibilities. Perhaps the most popular is the following: Fill six raw tomatoes from which the core has been removed with a force-meat made by mixing one cup well-seasoned cooked rice (about five tablespoons in raw state) with one-fourth cup butter, one-half green pepper, chopped, and binding it together with a tomato sauce made like a white sauce, but using tomato pulp removed from center of tomato in place of milk. Top with buttered crumbs and brown in moderate oven fifteen minutes.

THE BUTTER SERVICE may be garnished by shaping creamed butter in chilled, damp, wooden butter form, individual shapes of which may be purchased for ten cents, or by working the butter into balls with a pair of butter ladles, or by cutting it into shells with a butter scoop.

INDIVIDUAL GREEN APPLE PIES topped with rosettes of whipped cream put on with a pastry tube lend a festive setting to the dessert course.

Amazing New Iron

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Now at last an Amazing New Kind of Electric Iron has been invented which does what no other iron ever did! For it slips right into tiny sleeves, shirred bands, and narrow lace ruffles, doing the most difficult jobs in half the time! The Tommy Iron is a marvel of speed, convenience and efficiency—a necessity for modern sheer, delicate garments. It does everything your old iron did and 100 difficult jobs besides! And for a short time only this wonderful new iron is being offered at a Special Low Introductory Price. Not only that, but you can have this new invention on **Six Days' FREE Trial!**

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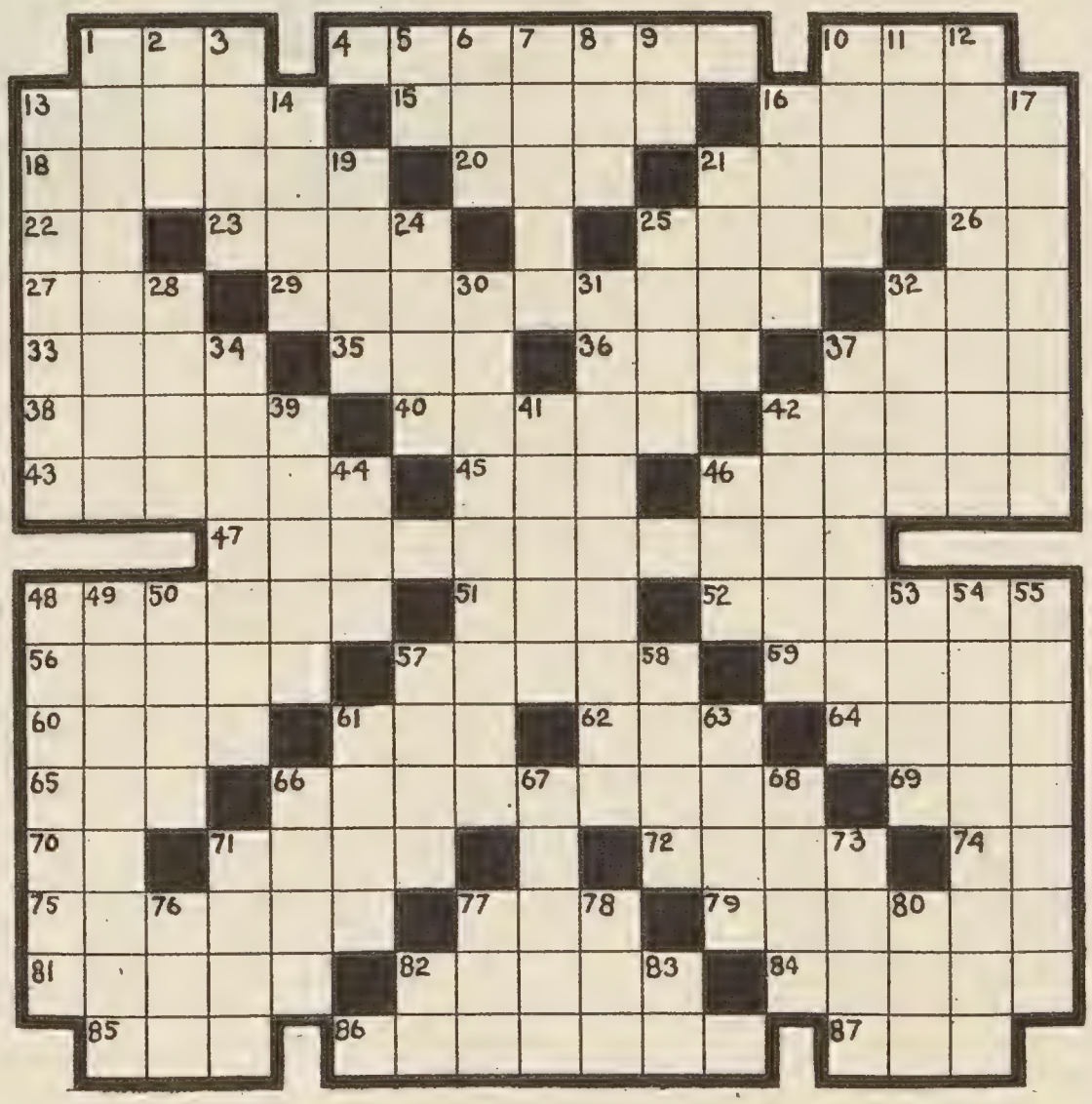
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 42

NOW is the time for all good cross-word puzzle fans to come to a decision as to another name for a baseball team. We know very well what you'd like to call some of 'em—but, cheer up! Next year's another season. Gaze upon Horizontal Number 18—a group of nine, it's called. And surely a baseball team is that, though some of the managers were using groups of seventeen or eighteen in each game when the recent season closed. Oh, well! You'll never guess it, so we'll tell you the answer—it's "ennead." Now go ahead—we're not going to do all the hard ones for you!

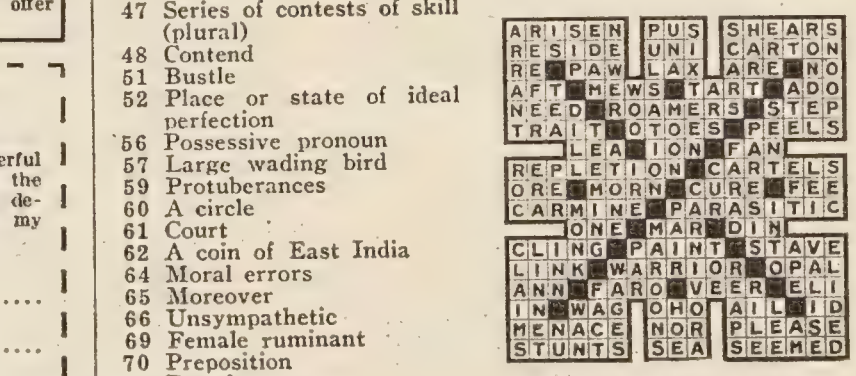


HORIZONTAL

1 Large tub
4 Parsonage house
10 A constellation
13 American naval hero
15 Early battle of the World War
16 To labor as a drudge
18 A group of nine
20 Bind
21 Bearing a designation of nobility
22 A pronoun
23 Barter or exchange
25 Fastening devices
26 One of the United States (initials)
27 Belonging to that
29 Criterions
32 A spherical body
33 An independent monarchy of Asia
35 Self
36 Denial
37 Verbal
38 Brought forth young, as a goat
40 Unoccupied
42 Babble
43 Gibes
45 Biblical proper name
46 External appearance (plural)
47 Series of contests of skill (plural)
48 Contend
51 Bustle
52 Place or state of ideal perfection
56 Possessive pronoun
57 Large wading bird
59 Protuberances
60 A circle
61 Court
62 A coin of East India
64 Moral errors
65 Moreover
66 Unsympathetic
69 Female ruminant
70 Preposition
71 Dread
72 Dam in a river
74 Branch of the armed force of Great Britain (initials)
75 Venetian painter of the fifteenth century
77 Mottled appearance in wood
79 Mountain in Asia Minor associated with Noah
81 Snore
82 Shouts of derision
84 Revolves rapidly
85 Something prized for great beauty or perfection
86 Bulwark
87 To make a kind of knotted lace

VERTICAL

1 Pertaining to a particular Italian city
2 Beard of certain cereal grasses
3 Small mounds of earth
5 A type measure
6 Spiteful woman
7 Essayed
8 Individual
9 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
10 Allows
11 Forty-five inches
12 To estimate too highly
13 Conveys by a will or lease
14 Steers out of a course; said of a ship
16 Clamors
17 Those things which may be used as food
19 Particular day
21 Orderly
24 Youth employed as an attendant or messenger
25 Beseech
28 Of normal mentality
30 One who designates, as for an office
31 Opposed to recognized rules of morality
32 Anglo-Saxon money of account (plural)
34 Assemblage
37 Speeches
39 Herd
41 A fashionable boulevard in Madrid
42 Certain stroke in golf (plural)
44 Entreat
46 African antelope
48 Conditions of restriction
49 Making less dense
50 External covering, as of skin, bark, etc.
53 Recompensed
54 Uninformed
55 Agrees
57 Float
58 Possessed knowledge
61 To accustom to the lack of something
63 At sea
66 Intensity of feeling
67 A body of cavalry
68 Gentlemen of station
71 Stable
73 Enraptured
76 Digit
77 Gypsy
78 Letter of the Greek alphabet
80 Long, narrow inlet of diminishing inward depth
82 Exclamation
83 The elder (abbr.)



Answer to Puzzle No. 41

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"I aint" "He don't"
"It's me!" "You was?"
"Can't hardly"

What Are YOUR Mistakes in English

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other persons as much as these would offend you. How do you know?

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think. So you really have no way of telling when your English offends others.

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Influence *of the* MIDDY BLOUSE Shown *in* New Paris Models

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

ALWAYS when you first come to Paris there is something to report on a broader scale of fashion than mere line and fabric and silhouette embrace. This year, for instance, one finds that our modern times have at last shaken themselves down into distinguishing characteristics, which have begun to express themselves in everyday things about us, until we, too, shall now, like other generations, have chairs that will be named for us, and architecture and lighting. In other words, we have scrapped the past, and this year marks the point of departure in even the setting where clothes are to be worn. They dominate all at the exhibit, but can scarcely be interpreted apart from their environment.

The Paris exposition, which opened so unobtrusively on the world, is showing these most important of facts in its unadvertised way. Naturally, fat Cupids driving on clouds with pink ribbons would not be the decoration for this setting, as it was for old Louis', nor are voluptuous looking ladies with rounded figures and puffed costuming. Free, fleet girls with boyish figures and bobbed hair, such as were first shown in America, are suddenly finding themselves a definite part in a universal picture of the period which will probably go down in history as the age of nineteen twenty-five.

And now for the actual styles of the moment, which after all are the most important exhibit of all. As the flowing robes of the Greek statues typified the placidity of an age that is gone, so our garments have begun to embody the characteristic of our day, which is movement. All of the wooden manikins at the exposition are represented in action. Their dresses look easy to get into and comfortable to wear.

As for line, I should say the important item is that the significant dresses are in two pieces. Do something at the waist with your old straight gowns. Sports more than any other activity of the day have influenced fashion, and now their spirit is controlling even the line of evening gowns. The demi-toilette shown here by Callot is almost in the form of skirt and middy blouse.

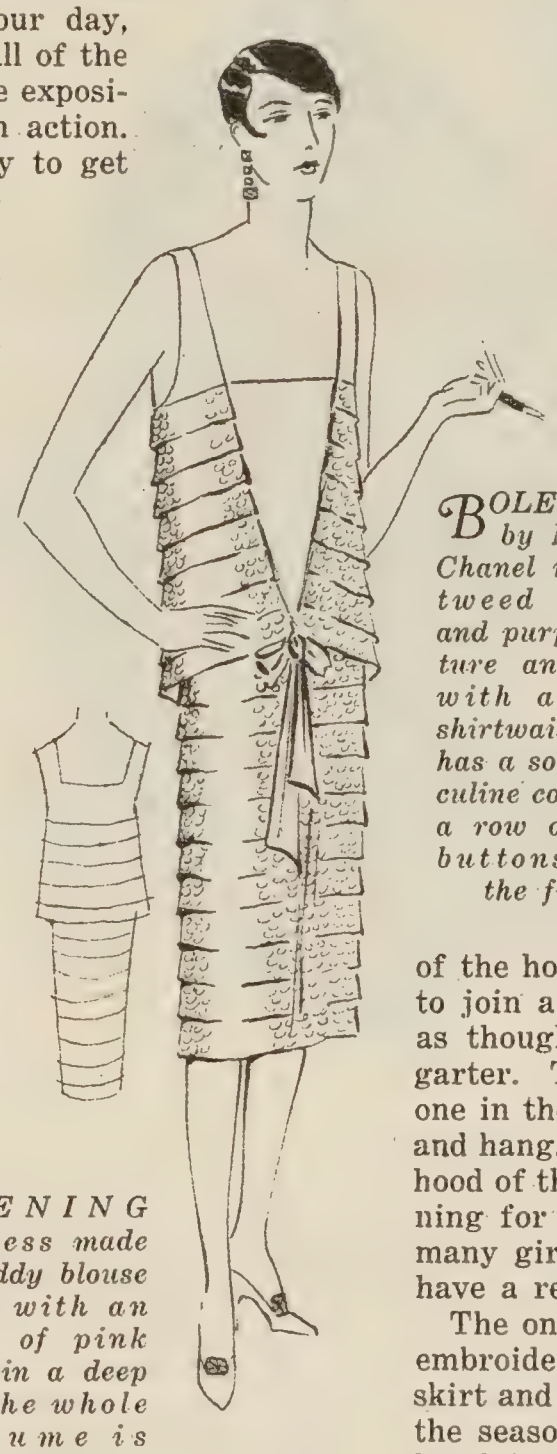
Indeed, more than any other influence I should say we were going to feel in the near future that of the middy blouse. Imagine slipping on the waist of your velvet evening dress in the same careless matter-of-factness with which a sailor slings on his uniform. And yet Callot, Lelong, and Chanel are using his costume as the basis of their inspiration. You are acquainted, of course, with the dress of the hour, which descends in a straight line to join a very short, plaited skirt, that looks as though it were held round the hips by a garter. That skirt is rather suggestive of the one in the Highland costume as to dimensions and hang. It stops, you know, in the neighborhood of the knees. This costume has been running for a time in Paris, and I have seen so many girls buying the model it will probably have a real popularity in America.

The one by Callot is scalloped in blue hand-embroidery, in two tiers round the edge of skirt and blouse. A very great many things of the season are scalloped, and those more tailored in character are bound round all their edges in self-edge or leather. For dress and evening, velvet is the most elegant material of the day. Callot always uses it so beautifully.

Another influence seen is that of the short jacket. Such a garment is given in the sketch of the tailleur, and its effect indicated in the evening dress by the same *couturière*, Madame Chanel. The latter costume distinctly breaks at the waistline, giving the impression of at least trying to simulate the bolero and the middy blouse in style. It satisfies the craze of the day for extravagance going hand-in-hand with economy, the former being suggested in a rich showing of hand-beading which goes the length of the dress in panels.

The press-agented two shades of blue—navy with Alice—are showing together everywhere. The French blue, which is a sort of bright navy, is also popular, although we do not fall for it easily. It is too hard. Red is still prevailing, and Chanel has used it effectively in the coat shown here of velvet, combined with white fur and made with the cape—whose stock is rising hour by hour.

BOLERO suit by Madame Chanel made in tweed of blue and purple mixture and worn with a white shirtwaist that has a soft, masculine collar and a row of pearl buttons down the front.



EVENING dress made in middy blouse style with an inset of pink satin in a deep V. The whole costume is studded in lines of crystal beads.

COAT of red velvet lined with red crepe de Chine, made with a cape and trimmed in bushy white fur. By Madame Chanel.

DEMI-TOILETTE of black velvet made in middy blouse style with long sleeves that get wider near the wrists. They are ruffled with real lace. Blouse and skirt are embroidered in blue. By Callot.

Who Will Win *Europe's Most Beautiful* Princess?

PRINCESS ILEANA, youngest and loveliest of the daughters of Queen Marie of Roumania.

THE author of this article recently spent some months in Bucharest and Belgrade, making acquaintance with the royalties of Roumania and Jugo-Slavia, learning to know Queen Marie, most beautiful and individual of Europe's sovereigns, and her three daughters, the Queen of Jugo-Slavia, the former Queen of Greece, and Princess Ileana.

"IF I married King Boris of Bulgaria," mused Princess Ileana to her mother, Marie, Queen of Roumania, "I should not have to love him so very much. The country itself would need me. I should have real work, and romantic love wouldn't matter. But if I married the Prince of Wales I should have to love him tremendously, for in a developed land like England I should have nothing to do!"

Rather a profound thought for a child of sixteen, but typical, perhaps, of the best type of modern girl. This youngest daughter of Europe's most picturesque queen is just that—the best type of modern girl; as intelligent, wholesome, and clean-blooded a youngster as you'd meet in a day's journey.

She has hardly as great charm as her beautiful mother—none of Queen Marie's children has. This is not to be wondered at, for few bewitching women pass on their full enchantment to their children. It seems Nature's way.

Ileana doesn't call herself pretty; neither does her mother. But I think she is. And most attractive. She is a bit above medium height, and slim, with prettily rounded limbs and neat wrists and ankles. Her hair, bobbed, of course, is brown and straight, but not lank. Her eyes, as she and her mother both agree, are her best feature—lovely eyes of clear, light, limpid blue, slanting up a little at the outer corners, and with curling, dark lashes.

Taking Ileana all in all, she is more like her mother than any of the other children. There are five. The youngest child, little Prince Mircea, four years old, died during the war. His royal mother told me she had never danced since.

"I used to love it," she said, "but somehow I can't bring my feet to move gayly over the ground with my baby lying beneath it."

They *have* to be ambitious, these royalties. Especially in the smaller countries. Princes and princesses are in a sense the people's property and are taught from babyhood to be and to do whatever enhances their value as national assets.

As they approach marriageable age "the list" is made out for them. Papa King and Mamma Queen "talk to them seriously" just as do ambitious mammas and papas of social standing everywhere. They are schooled in the time-honored principle that "it's just as easy to fall in love with the right one as the wrong one," and signs of insurgency are watchfully waited for and promptly nipped in the bud.

Upon the list of eligibles the tempting, charming, elusive, and apparently inaccessible Prince of Wales stands first, of course.

I once asked Princess Ileana what she thought about her distant cousin, Wales.

"Why—I hardly know him," she said simply. "I was only ten when I saw him last. But everyone says he's delightful."

It is too well known to need repeating that Wales will have nothing to do with marriage talk. Those who know him best will tell you that all anyone need do to make the Prince run a quick mile is hint of meetings "with a view to," etc. Many and wild are the stories of *why* he won't. But on one point they all agree; i. e., that the only hope for his interest in *any* girl is that he meet her in his own way and by his own desire.

"If he could meet Ileana *by accident*," said someone who knows them both, "and without knowing who she was, I believe he'd fall in love with her. As for the Princess—well, *any* girl would care for David."

BESIDES "David," as the home folks have always called the Prince of Wales, there are fully half a dozen eligible young princes and even a king or two in the matrimonial offing. Boris of Bulgaria, for example, whose kingly name has been persistently coupled with the sixteen-year-old princess across the Danube.

Boris is a dark young man in his early thirties, not too good looking yet certainly not bad. He is regarded by the royal house of Roumania as a possibility if not a probability—a sort of rough diamond that it might be well to keep an eye on if more polished gems prove for one reason or another unavailable.

Young King Boris is not a rough diamond in the sense of being uncultured. On the contrary, he is of excellent mind and fine education, but at the head of a wild country whose future cannot be foreseen.

Princess Ileana has never met King Boris despite their many-times rumored engagement. At home when they want to tease her they call her "the Bulgarian." She laughs and is not easily ruffled. Marriage is not uppermost in her thoughts, but that she gives it some speculation is shown by the sentence that opens this story.

"And which," her mother asked, "would you choose—romantic love and idleness? Or respect and affection—and hard work?"

"Well, Mummy, of course everyone wants to be happy. I'd like the romantic love. But if it didn't last I'd drown my heart in oceans and oceans of work."

Queen Marie is confident her youngest daughter will make a brilliant and happy marriage. I remarked to her majesty one day that she herself seemed born under some special constellation that stood for every gift.

She readily agreed, saying that her horoscope showed fortunate stars in the ascendant at her birth.

"But," added the queen, "mine is not so good as Ileana's. Hers was absolutely the most completely royal forecast the astrologer had ever seen." And her face glowed when she said it.

An Intimate View of the Heart Perplexities of Sixteen-Year-Old Ileana of Roumania, Who Thinks Wise Thoughts on Royal Eligibles and Romantic Love, and Is a Modern Girl with a Mind of Her Own

By Zoe Beckley

"Would your majesty have Ileana marry at seventeen, as you did?"

"Not if she were as ignorant of life as I was. But she is not. I have not paraded the ugliness of life before her. Little by little, as things came along, I explained, taught, warned. Ileana has been reared to think, and accepts readily the responsibility of thought. Of all my children she is most like me.

"She is the child of my spirit. She is of my later years—when I had lived, loved, suffered, worked out my philosophy. She is my thought, my mind. We reason together. She has decision and character. When Ileana speaks, people listen.

"Let her go on learning life for a while yet, before she marries. There is time enough. People may call me an ambitious matchmaker, but I should never urge a child of mine into a marriage that was distasteful—never, never in the world. I wouldn't hold on to her until she ran away with the chauffeur, but I want her to know how to face life."

"Mother is a good pal," said her daughter to me once. "Don't believe the stories you hear of her."

"What stories?" said I.

"Oh, *any* stories! Mummy's just the best in the world. As for marrying us off, she'd die before she made us marry anyone we didn't want to."

WHO else, then, is on the list from which "Mummy, best-in-the-world," may choose a matrimonial prospect for her youngest child? As in her own girlhood, the religion of a marriageable young prince plays an important part when an alliance is considered.

The Orthodox Greek Church is the church of Roumania. There are some eligible young men in the Greek royal family—or should one say the *former* royal family of Greece, the kindred of the late Constantine?

Already two of the Roumanian sovereigns' children have wedded "the Greeks." Roumania's crown prince, Carol, married Elena, daughter of Constantine, and Elisabeta, Carol's sister, is the wife of George, Constantine's son, who occupied the throne for a brief time.

It is rumored that Prince Nicolai, "Nicky," second son of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie, is deeply interested in one of the Greek princesses, and that Ileana has had to be discouraged from too warm admiration of a Grecian prince. "The Greeks" have ceased to be desirable *partis*, for what future have they?

There are still two unmarried English princes—Henry, twenty-five years old, and George, twenty-three—both personable young men, but outgloried by elder brother Wales.

Italy offers the twenty-year-old Umberto Nicola Tommaso Giovannie Marie, Prince of Piedmont and heir apparent to the throne. But there religious differences would be a bar.

However, there seems to be a second Italian possibility—if not probability. Not long ago it was reported that Ileana was engaged to the Duke of Apulia, eldest son of the Duke of Aosta. The last named duke is a cousin of King Victor Emmanuel.

Looking northward, one rounds up Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, born in 1903, son of King Haakon VII. and the late Princess Maud, who was King Edward's daughter.

International Photo

MARIE OF ROUMANIA—"a good pal," says Princess Ileana. "She'd die before she made us marry anyone we didn't want to."

THE DUKE OF APULIA, son of the Duke of Aosta, a cousin of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, may be the lucky man. It was reported recently that he and the Princess Ileana are engaged.

Denmark has two perfectly good princes, Christian Frederick, twenty-six, and Prince Knud, a year younger.

Spain's king and queen have four sons, the eldest, Prince Alfonso, eighteen years old. His brother, Jaime, seventeen, is deaf and dumb.

In Sweden are also two eligible princes, Gustaf Adolf, nineteen, and Sigvard, eighteen.

Which gives the pretty Ileana in all quite a little "list."

If I read her at all correctly, Princess Ileana will choose her husband with both her head and her heart. She will be coerced into nothing.

The Roumanian royal family, with the exception of King Ferdinand, whose health has been poor for a year, travels about a lot. It is quite thinkable that within a reasonable time all the listed princes will be duly met and tactfully appraised, not forgetting, either, what the astrologer found in the stars for Ileana!

Princess Ileana has her own complete little duplex apartment in the palace at Bucharest, her own speedy American roadster which she drives. She has an allowance, and chums, and interests. And she has this—which is perhaps most important of all—a mother to whom she is fondly close, a mother in whom she can confide, chat with, laugh with, philosophize with, go about with, and even room with.

I WENT once with Queen Marie and Ileana to what they call "the little farm" about twenty miles outside Bucharest and her majesty pointed out with special interest "our room—Ileana's and mine. We enjoy being together."

I thought then how few modern girls *would* enjoy sharing their bedroom with mother. They are more like sisters, these two, than mother and daughter, and that's a lot these days when most girls are rebelling against restraints and wailing that "Mother doesn't understand—she's of a past generation, you know."

Princess Ileana dragged me with exuberant pride to see her "very own house." We went

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Jiminy! Look At That Pup Go!

"Bet there's a party at his house, and he's hurrying home with the dinner. Look, they're going to have SPRATT'S! Wish we were invited."

The fine thing about SPRATT'S is that it is a complete dog food, containing all the ingredients needed to build bone, body and health. No additional food is required. SPRATT'S is economical and not troublesome or mussy to feed. Dogs love it and never tire of eating it.

SPRATT'S Ovals, the pocket biscuit for all sizes and breeds of dogs, make a rare treat for your pet as a change from the regular diet of SPRATT'S Dog Cakes and Puppy Biscuits.

Don't keep your dog waiting any longer. Get him a box of SPRATT'S today—at your grocer's or pet shop.

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SPRATT'S OVALS

THE POCKET DOG BISCUIT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

to the top floor—I should guess there are five or six floors at various levels in the old building—in an electric elevator and prowled down a long corridor with a dozen doors or more. Ileana opened one and through a small entresol we entered her living room. It is not very large, quite simple, gay with chintz and flowers, pictures, books, and the usual miscellany of a young girl's den.

There is a charming fireplace in one corner, with a hooded mantel, a couch heaped with pillows, a few beautiful bowls and vases full of blossoms, a couple of cozy lamps, and rugs from Bessarabia, which are something like our own Indian Navajos.

A doll-size staircase leads up to Ileana's bedroom, dressing room, clothes closet, and bath. It is all as simple as can be, with a small white bed and white furniture, white bath, white cupboards.

THE day I saw the princess' cubbyhouse was the day of days for her. She was to receive that evening her American roadster—"gray-green with solid yellow wheels."

"The manufacturers," she went on with sparkle, "are going to put an 'I' on it for me and a miniature crest. Oh, yes, indeed, I'm going to drive it myself. I've already had a lot of lessons on a car just like it that they loaned me till mine was ready."

"You didn't buy it with your personal allowance, I'll bet!"

She laughed gleefully.

"I should say *not*. Do you know how much I get? Three thousand lei a month—that's about sixteen of your American dollars! Of course, it goes farther here than it would anywhere else, but it isn't a lot of money, you'll admit.

"I usually spend it in one lump, or give it away. I can't stand seeing people in trouble. If they need help I just hand them over my allowance. I'm always in trouble about money." And Ileana ruffled up her hair, assumed a mock frown and tried to look worried.

She is president of the Roumanian Y. W. C. A., Blue Triangle Division, has formed an organization called the Jolly Chums—"a society beginning with my own personal friends to meet and talk and improve the character and aims of the modern girl."

Don't, for heaven's sake, get the idea the princess is priggish or prudish. Far from it. She is too much like her mother to be narrow and too healthy and active to be out of date.

She does not go to teas, parties, or any affairs at night.

"What does she do in the evening?" I asked.

"She goes to bed," said her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Thousands of Boys

are making money every week so can you!

Everett Swan,
Champion Liberty Boy of Iowa

You can positively make a regular, steady income every week selling Liberty Magazine. Other boys started just like you—without any experience—and are today making their own spending money. We'll show you how. It's easy. You don't need one penny. We supply everything; carrier bag, magazines and full instructions. Our distributor in your town will tell you everything you need to know. Work in spare time or full time, just as you want, after school or Saturdays, or every day. Simply deliver Liberty Magazines to your friends, neighbors, and customers. Let us send you our booklet, "Liberty Boy Salesman," and our catalog of

Wonderful Free Prizes

showing illustrations of radios, bicycle, saxophone, and many other prizes every boy can get Free besides his regular weekly income. Don't wait. Send coupon below and we will send full details. Be independent. Earn money every week and get wonderful prizes besides.

Send coupon for details

Liberty Magazine,
Boy Sales Division,
Tribune Square, Chicago, Ill.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

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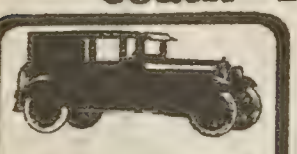
City..... State.....

$16 a Day— and an Essex Coach—FREE!



Your Car—FREE
It's waiting for you. It's yours absolutely free. Read details of my wonderful offer.

Do you want $16 a day? Do you want a steady income of $5,000.00 a year? Do you want, in addition to these big cash earnings, a beautiful, smooth-running Essex Coach? If you do, write immediately for the details of my wonderful new proposition that offers easy, pleasant employment for your spare time or full time, and that pays astonishingly large profits.

$100 a Week Is Easy

I want immediately one man or woman in each community to take orders for Jennings Guaranteed Hosiery for men, women and children. No experience or capital required. I supply everything needed. You work on new and exclusive plan that makes possible tremendous cash profits for easy, pleasant work. Jennings Guaranteed Hosiery sells in every home. Styles, sizes, prices to fit every family. Wonderful assortment meets every need. You find orders waiting for you everywhere, and make big cash profits. Eighteen years of success back of my plan.

Write Now for Money-Making Offer

If you want to get out of the salary rut—make $5,000 a year in your own business—mail the coupon below. I will send you full details of my wonderful new plan and proof that you can make big money from the start. Don't hesitate—don't delay. Write today for complete plan and details of free auto offer.

Frank B. Jennings, Pres., Jennings Mfg. Co. Hose Q-210, Dayton, Ohio

Mail This Coupon

FRANK B. JENNINGS, Pres.,
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Please send, without obligation, complete details of your proposition, and of FREE Essex Coach offer.

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BANISH GREY HAIR

Wm. J. Brandt Liquid

EAU DE HENNA

Hair Color Restorer

covers the grey, and restores the color to grey, faded, bleached, or streaky hair, leaving it Soft, Glossy and Natural.

Works so well no one will know the color has been restored. Covers ALL the grey; covers ANY grey, no matter how stubborn or how caused.

Does not interfere with permanent waving.

Eau de Henna is two liquids, one application. It colors at once. No mess. No pack. Does not shade off reddish as with many powdered Hennas.

Anyone Can Put It On

No experience necessary. Will not rub off. Not affected by sea bathing, sun, shampooing, or permanent waving. Will withstand tropical climates.

Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where it is needed. Can be used where powdered henna dyes have been used. The shades blend in beautifully. Can be used over other hair dyes or restorers. Directions in English and Spanish.

Eau de Henna comes in colors: Black, dark brown, medium brown, light brown, drab, blond, auburn. Price postpaid $2.50 or C. O. D. $2.65.

Order through your Druggist, Department Store or Beauty Parlor, or direct from us.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. 121, 112 East 23rd St., New York
Men as well as women can use Eau de Henna to advantage.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

mother with a firm nod of her blonde head.

This doesn't necessarily mean retiring at sundown, for the dinner hour in Roumania is never earlier than eight; usually nine; often ten. On Saturday evenings at Cotroceni Palace the royal family usually has the cinema—a tea beginning about six, after which the household and guests assemble in one of the wide corridors, at the end of which a movie screen has been put up. Even the servants are invited to this, and no one laughs louder at the custard-pie comedies than the fat *chef de cuisine*. There is also a quiet little Englishwoman, who, she proudly told me, "has been nurse to two queens"—Elisabeta, Queen of Greece, and her sister "Mariora," Queen of Jugo-Slavia. She also nursed the little Prince Mircea who died.

ILEANA loves the cinema and loves everybody else to love it. I should probably never have seen King Ferdinand at all if his young daughter had not gone and dragged him forth on one of the cinema evenings and sat him in his big gilt chair to watch the show. He had been ill, and that was the first evening he had been outside his room for weeks. The king, be it said in passing, is a kind, fond father and a devoted admirer of his energetic wife. He used even to typewrite her stories, laboriously picking out the letters by the two-finger system, and proud when he produced a readable copy.

His daughter Ileana speaks to him always in English—English and French being the languages of the court, though German is just as fluently spoken. Roumanian is little used. Ileana is the only one who speaks no German, but Roumanian is as natural to her as breathing.

Whomever Princess Ileana marries, he will have to have go and zip and pep if he wants to keep up with his wife. She dances well, drives fast, plays good tennis, swims like a fish, and rides horseback like whatever is the feminine of a centaur.

Golf is the only out-of-doors game she doesn't like.

"It's too slow," is her comment. "I'll keep that for when I'm sixty."

Ileana's brother "Nicky," Prince Nicolai, twenty-three, is in the British Navy, an unprecedented thing considering his foreignness. But, after all, he is third cousin to Prince Henry, Britain's "Sailor Prince," younger brother to Prince Charming of Wales!

Surely it is not beyond possibility that the world's most romantic royal figure and Europe's prettiest princess may find that "journeys end in lovers' meeting." I wonder.

THE END

Men relate

this simple way to get a new thrill in shaving

Men the nation over are awakening to the fact that there is a general switch to the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

Its sales have pyramided in an astounding manner.

All because men are discovering that a sharp blade *for every shave* is a genuine luxury.

The Valet AutoStrop is the *only* razor that sharpens its own blades. A few strokes on its strop restore a blade to new-like keenness.

Sharpen it, then shave, then clean—all in a jiffy, and without removing the blade from the holder.

This is a different principle. The blade doesn't get duller and duller until it must be thrown away.

Every shave can be with a blade of super-keenness.

Have you fallen into a habit? Do you continue your old way of shaving?

Then join the thousands upon thousands who have turned to a new and better way and whose enthusiasm never wanes.

A speedy, comfortable shave every time—uniformly perfect. An end to "pulling." An end to wasting time.

"There's no shave like it," men say. Why miss this supreme improvement?

Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

$5 to $25
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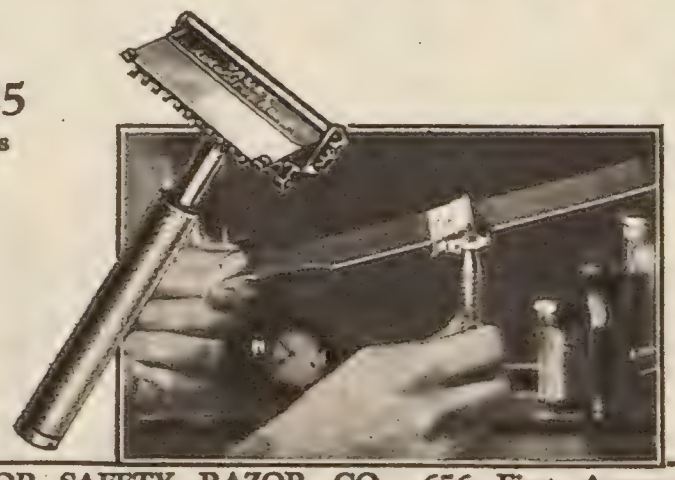


The RAZOR That Sharpens Itself

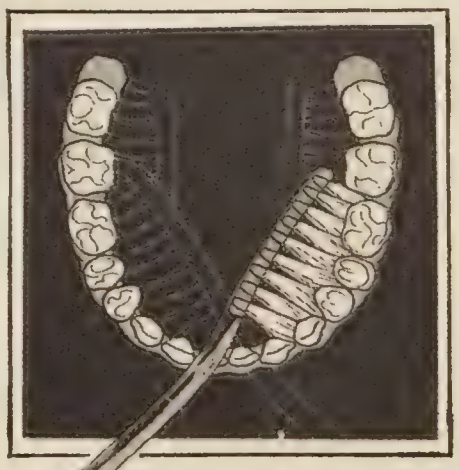
AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 656 First Avenue, New York City

What your eyes see— and what your tongue feels

You trust your eyes. Dr. West's Tooth Brush sells on sight—because your eyes tell you these three things: (1) It is small. (2) It fits the teeth. (3) Its pointed bristles are spaced to pick the crevices clean.

For your own good, we ask you—first, to consider the shape of your teeth—then look at Dr. West's Tooth Brush. This is simply a frank appeal to common sense. That's why over 14,000,000 people have bought and are now daily users of this tooth brush that cleans *inside, between*, and *outside*.

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family! *Prices:* Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Gum Massage, 75c. Canadian prices same as U. S. A.



IT FITS!

Built to the pattern of the human mouth, Dr. West's Tooth Brush contacts every curve and angle and crevice. While almost any tooth brush will clean outside surfaces, Dr. West's cleans INSIDE, OUTSIDE, AND BETWEEN.

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH WECO Product

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

$1,000 Cover Title Contest

Winning Titles for the Cover Picture of September 5

The cover for which the winning titles were written

FIRST PRIZE—$500
Signs of an Early Spring.
Mrs. J. W. Weston, 3228 Classen Blvd., Oklahoma City, Okla.

SECOND PRIZE—$250
Sitting Pretty and Standing Pat.
Martin Berglund, Oak Dale Farms, Le Roy, Minnesota.

THIRD PRIZE—$100
Up in Arms Against the Canine Invasion.
H. Meyer, Radio Station KNX, Hollywood, Calif.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
Grace Darling Rescues Nine Lives.
Mrs. Harry Large, 3428 W. Scott Pl., Denver, Colo.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25
Why Dogs Leave Home.
James Henry Tillson, U. S. S. Raleigh, care of Postmaster, New York City.

SIXTH PRIZE—$25
"Petty" Jealousy.
Marshall Beaugrand, 2129 Carmel Ave., Racine, Wis.

SEVENTH PRIZE—$25
A Dog Watch.
Miss Grace Cornwall, 1040 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif.

EIGHTH PRIZE—$25
Waiting for the Call to Arms.
Earl R. Mixon, 209 Peoples Bank Bldg., Alliance, Ohio.

Next Week: Winners for Sept. 12

RECOMPENSE
By Charles Samuels

If you returned just as you left,
Without a word, without a sigh,
I'd quickly take you back again,
Though cost to pride be high.

But if you wept, or even sobbed,
I'd tell you "No!" and shut the door,
For vain apologies and tears
Are not what I have waited for.

When you come back (I'm sure you will!),
Just cast aside all grief and lies,
And bring to me your lovely gifts,
That youthful heart, those laughing eyes.

Rich or Poor —Don't You Hate to Throw Away Dull Razor Blades!

THERE is one thing a bloated plutocrat has in common with a day laborer—they both want the soothing satisfaction of a pleasant shave! Every day more people are realizing that an old razor blade can shave just as clean and smooth as a brand-new one, and a dollar invested in the Ingersoll Stropper will not only keep razor blades good for hundreds of perfect shaves but will also save from $5.00 to $10.00 every year in blade money. That is why nearly a million men are using

The Ingersoll Dollar Stropper

This is the latest invention of Robert H. Ingersoll, the man who gave the world the dollar watch. The Ingersoll Dollar Stropper is based on a scientific principle. It holds the blade at the exact angle necessary to produce the best cutting edge. It is so simple that you can work it blindfolded. Sharpens any make of razor blade. Lasts a lifetime. Convince yourself. Fill out the coupon and mail it with a dollar. Your money back at once if not completely satisfied.

WANTED
This clever invention is meeting with nation-wide approval—in fact, it is sweeping the country. We want good men to present it to the millions of men who are just waiting for it. No experience required. Sells at sight. Write for agents' terms.

Robt. H. Ingersoll, Pres. New Era Mfg. Co., Dept. 5310, 476 Broadway, New York City.

I enclose $1 for which send me one Ingersoll Dollar Stropper complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the stropper in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar.

Name.....

Address.....

Make of Razor Used.....

☐ If interested in agents' proposition, check here.

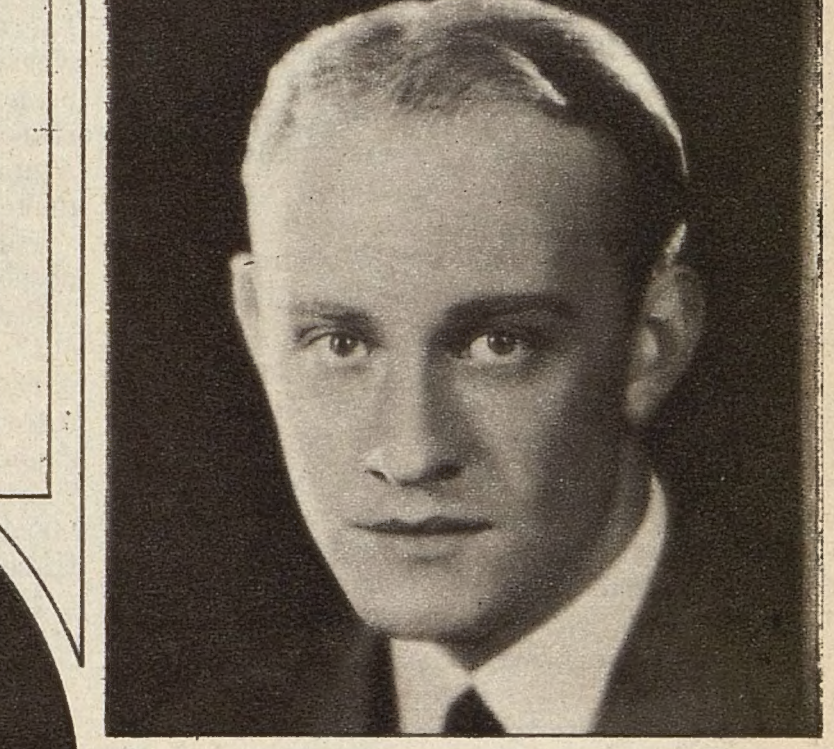
All These That Glitter Are Goldwyn

Captions by
RICHARD HALLIDAY

DOWN to a South Sea isle journeyed Anita Stewart (above) to make Never the Twain Shall Meet, one of those East vs. West pictures with palms and sharks and villains. Cosmopolitan made the picture and Goldwyn distributed it.

ON the same boat with Miss Stewart was Bert Lytell (in circle), now one of Goldwyn's star leading men. He played opposite Miss Stewart in Never the Twain Shall Meet.

Melbourne-Spurr Photos



EXOTIC Pauline Starke, one of the most interesting and charming types in pictures (oval, above), was last seen in Sun Up. Walter F. Seely Photo

OPPOSITE Miss Starke in Sun Up plays Conrad Nagel (above), known as Hollywood's best behaved leading man. Edwin Bower Hesser Photo

A Page *of* Movie Reviews *by Richard Halliday*

Greta Nissen and William Collier, Jr., in *The Wanderer.*

Harold Lloyd as the bespectacled football hero in *The Freshman.*

Rin-Tin-Tin and a feminine admirer in *Below the Line.*

THE WANDERER

Directed by Raoul Walsh — Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Tola	*Ernest Torrence*
Jether	*William Collier, Jr.*
Pharis	*Wallace Beery*
Jesse	*Tyronne Power*
Huldah	*Kathlyn Williams*
Tisha	*Greta Nissen*
Naomi	*Kathryn Hill*
Gaal	*George Rigas*

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS was a great success. *The Wanderer* should have even a greater success.

Ernest Torrence as Tola.

Every time a spectacular picture is shown, I leave with the idea that it cannot be surpassed. However, *The Wanderer* is a more gigantic and gorgeous picture than any in the past.

It has its thrilling climax—a banquet hall filled with hundreds of people—when suddenly the Heavens open and a storm rages forth. The people try to escape, but the great pillars and walls collapse, killing them in their flight. It is as remarkable a scene as the closing of the seas upon the chariots in The Ten Commandments.

The story, although slim, is full of beauty. I believe most of us will agree that there is no greater love than a mother's for her children. Kathlyn Williams is a tender and sympathetic mother. Each evening she places the lamp on the table to light the way for her son, with the hope that he will some day return.

Greta Nissen, who has had the most remarkable advance of the year, is beautiful and voluptuous as Tisha. There is no one on the screen who could give quite the same effect as she does in this part. Ernest Torrence has the best role since his work in The Covered Wagon, which is saying a great deal, as that was one of the outstanding performances of the year. And Wallace Beery is great in a smaller, but excellent part.

William Collier, Jr., has the largest role of his career. He gives, on the whole, a splendid interpretation of The Prodigal Son. His most convincing scene is his return home for the second time, when he receives his father's forgiveness.

THE FRESHMAN

Directed by S. Taylor and F. Newmeyer — Pathe Picture

THE CAST:

HAROLD LAMB	HAROLD LLOYD
Peggy	*Jobyna Ralston*
College Cad	*Brooks Benedict*
College Hero	*James Anderson*
College Belle	*Hazel Keener*
The Tailor	*Joe Harrington*
Football Coach	*Pat Harmon*

IN THE college founded, maintained, and attended as a student by Harold Lloyd, anybody—including Freshmen and Harold Lloyd—were eligible for the football team. But Harold, with his famous horn-rimmed glasses, had a hard struggle to make the team.

In this film he is the lamentable Freshman. There was never such a Freshman, just as there was never just such a comedian. There have been better and worse, but none quite the same. Harold gives up his very shirt for his beloved Alma Mater and all but dies in his efforts to make the team.

Harold tries so hard that the coach, being possessed of a heart and, therefore, unique, just can't part with him. What to do with Harold? A water boy is a prime requisite for this particular team and Harold, without being so informed, is given the humble place on the squad. Comes the big game of the season. There is a brief armistice at the peak of the carnage. One warrior struggles from the mass. Harold is ordered on the field!

His face lights up—the crowd cheers him—at last he is to be in the game! He dashes onto the field. The player who had broken away walks up to him and demands that Lloyd give him his shirt. The athlete needed a new jersey—not a substitute. A new shirt to replace a dirty, torn one. It is tragic. Lloyd's face falls—he walks back and sits on the bench, alone.

Here's a picture wherein no phase of publishable college life is overlooked. It is one of the best comedies of the year.

NEXT WEEK: *The Coast of Folly,* by Paramount; *Havoc,* a Fox picture, and *Bobbed Hair,* by Warner Brothers.

BELOW *the* LINE

Directed by H. Raymaker — Warner Bros. Picture

THE CAST:

RIN-TIN-TIN	RIN-TIN-TIN
Donald Cass	*John Harron*
May Barton	*June Marlowe*
Jamber Niles	*Pat Hartigan*
"Cuckoo" Niles	*Victor Potel*
Deputy Sheriff	*Chas. (Heinie) Conklin*
Reverend Barton	*Gilbert Clayton*
Mrs. Cass	*Edith Yorke*
The Sheriff	*Taylor Duncan*

John Harron as Donald Cass.

"HORSE sense" is an expression which, applied to human beings, usually, if erroneously, indicates intelligence. That's all right. But why should "dog days," "a dog's life," and "dog in the manger" visit odium upon a far brainier species?

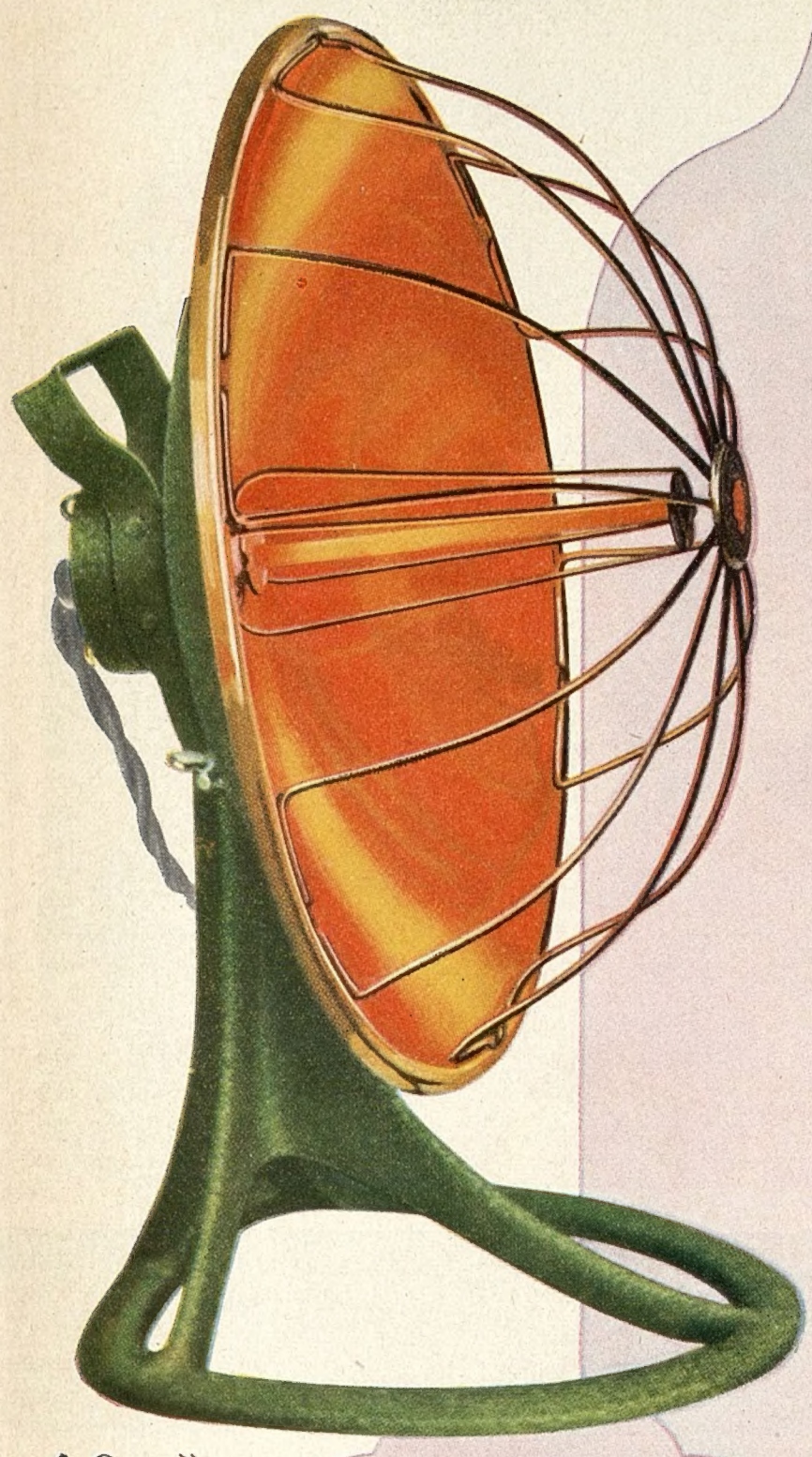
If you see *Below the Line* you'll find in it a good cast and capable direction, but above all a great star: Rin-Tin-Tin, a dog. There could be no greater compliment for many of us than to be compared with Rin-Tin-Tin. He has brains. He is an actor. He commands and registers more true emotion than fifty per cent of the humans on the screen. It is amazing to see this great dog act the part of a coward. He absolutely convinces you he is nothing but a cur.

Although the story gives Rin-Tin-Tin an excellent opportunity for acting, it is not the strongest picture he has appeared in.

At first you see him as a beautiful police dog—trained to obey orders. However, his life is suddenly changed. He suffers tortures in a swamp and is frightened. Then comes a country boy who is tender and kind. Rin-Tin-Tin becomes a great friend to this new master and in the final scenes saves him from death.

In a Horatio-at-the-Bridge effect he fights with the bloodhounds. It is a vicious fight. So vicious, in fact, that an announcement appears at the end of the picture assuring the audience no harm was done to any of the animals in the bloodthirsty struggle.

If you want to watch a four-footed actor excel most two-footed ones, go to see Rin-Tin-Tin in this film.



This Heater has a Real Place in Your Home!

LAST Fall, the advent of the Hold-Heeter startled the country. Until then no one believed that a portable electric household heater could radiate so much heat. Today thousands of people have proved its heating qualities. They know, too, that the Hold-Heeter uses no more current and costs less than most electric heaters. Because of its remarkable efficiency, its economy and its good looks the Hold-Heeter is worthy of a place in your home.

The Hold-Heeter

"It Radiates More Heat"

For chilly Autumn and Spring mornings and evenings when the furnace is not working, and in mid-winter, too, clean electric heat is a great comfort—*if you can get enough of it quickly and economically.* To bring the comfort-giving rays of "Old Sol" into your home when and where you want them regardless of outside temperature, is the job that the Hold-Heeter does so well. And remember, this outstanding service is yours at no greater first and upkeep cost than ordinary heaters.

No Laboratory Test is Needed

to prove the heating superiority of the Hold-Heeter. Simply stand in front of it for a few moments—the generous comfort-bringing heat waves are quickly felt. Now stand before any other make of heater. The difference in radiation is simply amazing.

The heat secret of the Hold-Heeter lies in its non-metallic "Globar" element. This remarkable heat radiating element marks a new epoch in electric household heating. It is so efficient that we unqualifiedly guarantee it against burnout for two years. This is the longest guarantee against burnouts ever placed on an electric heater. Remember only the Hold-Heeter is equipped with a "Globar" element—the greatest element ever made for household heating.

Heat Insurance—Quality Appearance

The Hold-Heeter insures for you more heat than you ever thought possible; it represents a standard of electric heater efficiency never before attained. You who have hesitated to buy heaters need wait no longer. The Hold-Heeter is more than you will ever expect in a portable electric household heater.

The Hold-Heeter is pleasing in appearance—it fits the finest surroundings. Everything about it, from its stately olive green enameled finish base to its 12½-inch solid copper bowl bespeaks its high quality. Turns face upwards if accidentally overturned. Has extra long 9 ft. cord and plug.

Ask your dealer to show you a Hold-Heeter in action. Once you see this remarkable appliance and feel its great heat volume you will realize that it is the one heater for your home. Get one now.

RUSSELL ELECTRIC CO., ***Executive Office and Factory:*** **340 W. Huron St., Chicago.**

The World's Largest Manufacturers of Lamp Socket Heating Devices

Eastern Office: 51 East 42nd Street, New York—*Canadian Office:* 60 Duchess Street, Toronto

A Small Investment in Comfort

For Those Chilly Hours in—

Bedrooms · Living Rooms
Bathrooms · Hallways
Porches · Offices · Stores
Schools · Garages, etc.

Let the Hold-Heeter make and keep you comfortable

$7.50 Good dealers are proud to sell it.

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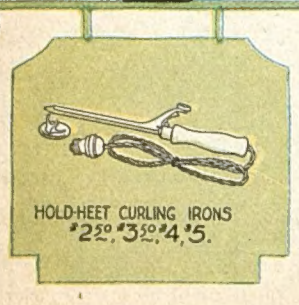
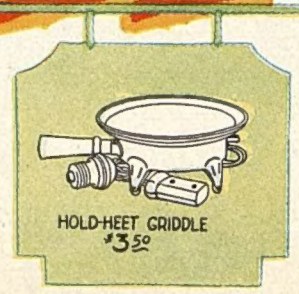
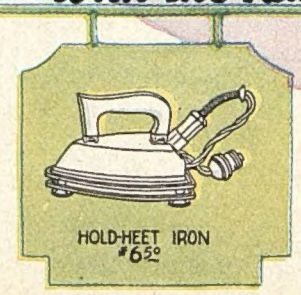
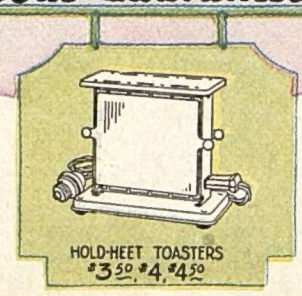
Hold-Heet

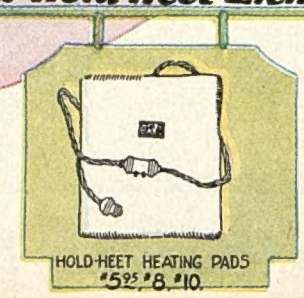
With the Famous Guaranteed Hold-Heet Element

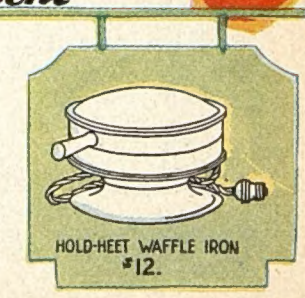


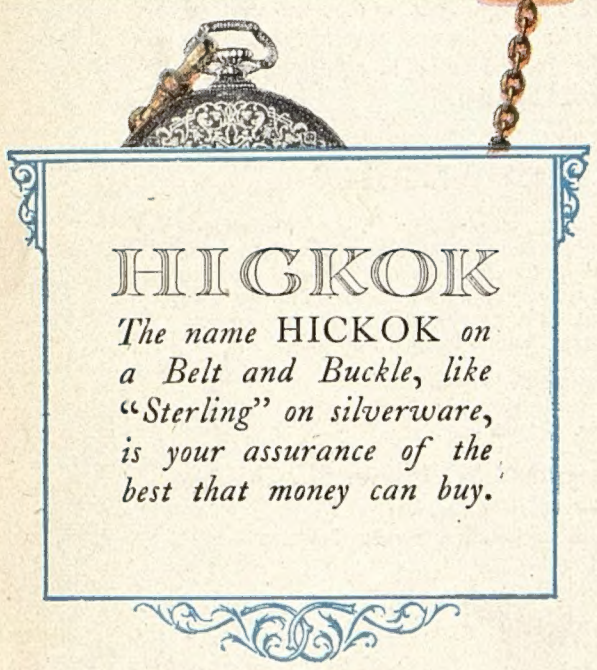












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